

TERRITORIALS LIKE IT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 29.

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EVERY WEDNESDAY.

WEEK ENDING MAY 22, 1909.

ONE PENNY.

OATINE FOR MEN AFTER SHAVING

It has been said that a man's temperament day by day depends upon the condition of his razor. This may be, or may not be so, but the condition of his face after shaving certainly depends on the razor, and it is a fact that, never mind how fine a condition the razor may be in, the after-effect of shaving is a soreness and chapping of lips and face. This, unfortunately, cannot be avoided, but it can be minimised to such an extent that it is hardly noticeable by the use of good shaving soap, such as either the **Oatine Shaving Cream** (in tubes) or the **Oatine Shaving Stick**, both of which are British made and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the **Oatine Soaps** for shaving, do so without delay.

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Room 39, SANDOW HALL, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 29.

WEEK ENDING MAY 22ND, 1909.

ONE PENNY.

MAKING READY.
A SPORTING AND BUSINESS NEED.

making ready is a necessary thing or a business one. Once set out upon a walking tour with a man who had not made himself ready. When he started he was as fresh as a daisy, keen upon the expedition and thrilled with the novelty of it. But at the end of the second day he was suffering badly with a blistered heel. Next morning he started pluckily enough, but by noon had to give in; his feet were in a hopeless condition, and to have continued to walk would have been sheer torture. He took the train some and finished that walking tour on my

... was as muscular as they make them, and under proper conditions he could have walked off the face of the earth, but he had not made himself ready for a journey of this kind. On the other hand, in advancing years, the

and thus getting my feet hard. At the
I started, and he would have been in a
state if he had put himself into condi-
tion at the commencement.
Much joy in life.

In the very process itself there is pleasure. I am very fond of taking occasional week-end holidays to different places, and I believe that half my enjoyment lies in preparing for them. I know that I can find the time and the money to turn up a week-end so many days hence, and on my cycle map with the same satisfaction in which the millionaire consults the wine list in the fashionable restaurant, for I know that I can choose what I like. A hundred circumstances in my town I have zettled.

own I have visited before, that one the
better shows me to have a very small popula-
tion, and hence an evening spent in it is likely
to be a dull one. I weigh up the claims of this
place and that and finally I decide upon a spot
which appears to be the very ideal for this par-
ticular week-end.
Besides there are always for

There is the physical training which forms part of my preparation; if I am advancing on a walking tour I take long walks in the week-end and have a spin each evening. The efforts are directed towards which all day purpose, and in this way a brief week-end advance. The same thing happens at least ten days of my life in business.

Copyright. A man who holds good in weightier business career without making up his mind that he is in for a tough time feels disappointed and resentful at fate. He has not made ready. He has not prepared for the hard-ship inevitable under the present strenuous competition in the world of business and he would not only accept them, but fight.

JOHN QUARLES.

Dear old Mrs. Ramsbotham, who has been studying the Budget, thinks that the "super-tax" is very hard on struggling members of the theatrical profession.

It is not his voice but his moustache that Signor Caruso has lost. We hope nobody *pinched* it.

According to the chairman of various motor-omnibus companies the new tax on petrol is likely to sweep motor-omnibuses from the streets. Somehow or other, this melancholy intelligence leaves us quite dry-eyed.

In future the irate parent will not cut off his erring offspring with a shilling. *Au contraire*, as the French don't say, he will leave the prodigal all he can, satisfied that the death duties will amply revenge him.

"Under Socialism no children will be put to work until they are twenty-one years old," said a Finsbury Park orator. "They will be kept at school and college until they are eighteen, and then go for a tour round the world." We cannot too strongly condemn the brutal idea of putting the poor little dears to work at all. When they return from their travels they should at once commence to draw their Old Age Pensions of £5,000 a year.

The jig-saw is the latest fashionable craze. By the way, do you know what it was that the jig saw? Why, My Irish Molly's pretty ankles, of course.

At the Aldwych Theatre we have "One of the Best," at the Adelphi one of the worst—"The Devil."

We notice an article by Mr. Charles Hawtrey on "Finding Plays." Our experience of eminent actors (Mr. Hawtrey, of course, excepted) is that they are far more skilful at losing them.

We heartily sympathise with Mr. Lloyd George's proposal that the income-tax payer of moderate means should receive a rebate of £10 per child under sixteen years of age. At the same time, we want the blood of the miscreant of a correspondent who, pointing out that at present rates the rebate in cash amounts to 7s. 6d. a child, which equals one dog tax, infamously suggests that the measure is a popular one.

It is said that the English language is in want of new blood—new or renewed words, but we need have no fear so long as the dramatic critic of the "Daily Mail" is still with us. Here is the eloquent conclusion of his notice of "The Arcadians": "—really entertaining, really pretty, and positively really worth a visit." For ourselves, lost in admiration of such wonderful power of pen and imagery, we can only feebly murmur—Really! NORMAN FRASER.

*Confess the failings as we must,
The lion's mark is always there.—PALGRAVE.*

We were both young when we first met; I was in the early twenties and he was about the same age. He came to our town suddenly; he was a stranger, but he set things humming.

It is difficult to say what constitutes fastness, but we considered that he possessed it. He had a fondness for walking with a very devil-may-care swagger and also for wearing sporting toggery. He was genuinely fond of sport and did a good deal to reorganise some of the local athletic clubs. Also he became at once a member of the local Yeomanry.

He was a big, athletic chap, and I, not being blessed with inches, was jealous of him. I sneered at him, and I listened with satisfaction to every malevolent thing that was said about him by other young men who, like myself, were envious.

I was a sort of book-worm at that time, dabbling in the type of literature that is what one might call pseudo-clever; Figuière's theories, and every kind of social problem, appealed to me strongly, because, by taking an interest in such matters, I could pose as being clever. My friends were of tastes similar to mine.

One evening, accompanied by some of my friends, I was walking down the chief street of the town when a hooligan jostled against me, and I was goaded to make a reply—a verbal one. At this the hooligan became threatening. I had three friends with me, but at the first sign of trouble they bunked off.

I could not fight; I did not even know how to put up my hands, but when the hooligan advanced in a pugnacious attitude I did not retreat, though I was shaking with fear.

Before he had time to hit me, the fast young man I have been speaking about came along. He seemed to take in the situation without having to be told it. He let drive at the hooligan and laid him out neatly.

At this moment it came home to me that there was something in the fast young man which was not possessed by my erudite friends. They had deserted me in trouble; he came to fetch me out of it although I did not know him and although I did not even like him.

From that moment began a friendship which is the dearest I have so far made.

From him I learned to take an interest in sport and other matters which I had previously regarded as trivial and worthless; from me he learned to enjoy books. We were absolutely different, and people laughed at us for being chums.

It would be difficult to tell you the whole effect that he had upon my life, but, in short, he made me more of a man.

Therefore, remembering him, I do not readily despise any young man who is described as fast. More often than not he is one of the best, whose only fault is that the blood courses a little too rapidly and a little too richly through his veins.

CHARLES TOMLINSON.



FLY FISHING

HOW TO FILL YOUR BASKET.

What are the qualities that make the successful fly-fisher? Well, a man must be keen. Fly-fishing demands great patience and perseverance, and unless a man is a whole-hearted enthusiast he will never make a really good angler.

Next he must have physical aptitude for the sport. Great strength, of course, is not necessary, but none the less an angler must be pretty tough and wiry to cope with a long day's fishing.

Some men are born fishermen, and seem to know instinctively how to throw a fly, others would never learn to cast properly though they persevered till the Day of Judgment. A delicate touch, a quick and supple wrist, a sure eye, these are some of the physical qualifications of the successful fly-fisher.

Mentally he must be attentive and observant. It is not enough to have mastered the art of throwing a fly; there is far more in the game than mechanical skill.

The angler must study the ways of different fish, especially when they are feeding or are hooked; he must note the effects of certain conditions of weather and water on fish; he must ever be observing and storing data and little points for future reference. No book on fishing was ever written, but that a local angler could add something to it from his own store of special wisdom.

THE MENTAL OUTFIT.

The man whose sole interest lies in his basket will never make an angler. Your true fly-fisher is an observer, a naturalist, and an experimenter. Also he is a philosopher. That is very necessary, for perhaps the mental or moral quality the fly-fisher needs most of all is self-control.

Contrary winds, awkward banks, vexatious trees, unpropitious weather, the gut that parts at the critical moment, weeds, sunken snags, these are some of the worries and difficulties he is called on to face. And then there are the fish themselves.

If women be kittle-cattle, fish are doubly so. They will stop feeding for no apparent reason; they will refuse flies that are usually to their liking; they will take ravenously in weather conditions when according to all angling lore they should be off their feed, and when of course you have left your rod at home. They will do everything except what you expect them to do.

TRIALS.

It is not the great catastrophes that daunt the angler. The monster that escapes at the last moment; the broken top-joint when the fish are rising freely; the fall into pool or cascade—such heavy blows of fate can be accepted with a sort of dull resignation. But the fly-fisher's life, great though its joys may be, is full of many petty but most exasperating difficulties and trials; it is these that hurt, and make it very necessary that the fly-fisher should have or cultivate imperturbability.

Don't, however, carry it too far. When, for example, you hook yourself in the ear, to repress all emotion would be dangerous, especially if you be a full-blooded man.

Now for a few general hints to the fly-fishing beginner. They are only very broad counsels, for circumstances alter cases, and tips that would be useful to the man fishing in, say, Derbyshire would be of no value to the angler in Highland waters.

There is a world of truth in the old Scotch angler's saying, "Ye canna compel fush."

Some men seem to think that catching fish is



a matter of sheer determination. Perseverance is certainly necessary, but fish have to be coaxed, not forced from the water, and the first thing the fly-fisher has to learn is to display the insignificant and conceal the obvious. In other words, the fish's attention has to be attracted to the tiny fly and not to your tackle, still less to yourself.

Then how many heartbreaks and cuss-words would there not be saved if fly-fishers would only remember *always* to soak the end of the gut well, not only at the beginning of the day's sport, but whenever they have to tie on a new fly. Be careful also frequently to examine the gut at the head of the fly.

The art of striking lies in using the greatest amount of decision and quickness that can be com-

bined with gentleness. The beginner usually strikes too hard, and loses not only fish, but cast and flies as well. Some anglers strike with their hand on the line, some with it off it.

It is a matter of choice, but personally I prefer the former method, as you cannot be sure of the precise amount of resistance the reel will offer by itself.

THE WEED TROUBLE.

Weeds are, of course, a sore trial to the fisherman. I can only repeat the advice once given me by an old angler: When a fish takes refuge in weeds, keep cool, lower the point of your rod, keeping the line tight and working it gently with your hand. This will often fetch him out. It is, of course, absolutely essential that the strain should be applied from *below the weeds*.

Your fly-book is naturally an important matter. On the whole, the simpler its contents the better. Just as at golf you will see a man come out with a regular armoury of clubs and never hit a ball, while his opponent with four or five clubs goes round in "Bogey," so by the river-bank you will see a man with a fly-book about the size of a family Bible, and containing hundreds of flies, fish all day long and catch nothing, while another man with perhaps a dozen flies all told in his book will fill his basket.

The beginner will do well to stick to a few recognised patterns, and the following flies may be recommended for general use.

RELIABLE FLIES.

Salmon: Jock Scott; Wilkinson; Black Doctor; and the Torish.

Sea Trout: Soldier Palmer; Jay wing, black body, ginger hackle, silver twist; Woodcock and yellow; Black and orange spider.

Trout: Dry flies: Olive quill, medium shade; Red quill; Iron blue; Black spider.

Wet flies: March Browns; Greenwell's Glories; Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell's No. 1 hackle fly in spring, changing later in the year to red quill gnat and black spider.

Of course, in choosing which flies you will use, everything depends on the time of the year, state of water and weather, and local peculiarities. Make friends with the local anglers and find out whether, as is often the case, there is any fly peculiar to the district. At the same time, a fly-book filled with the flies named should enable you to meet most emergencies successfully.

Many a fine fish is lost when he is almost in the landing net. The best way of getting a fish into the net is to draw him over and into it, not to push the net under the fish.

Finally, let me repeat the old Scots angler's words—"Ye canna compel fush," and wish the neophyte fly-fisher speedy realisation of his dreams of rising, hooking, playing, and landing a real good fish.

In any case, whether he meets with success or not, he may be sure of some healthy and vigorous exercise, and his fund of patience will be vastly increased.

T. W. GARDEN.

ETIQUETTE.

XI. CARDS.

I mean, of course, visiting cards, not what the "unco guid" call the "devil's playthings." Your card cannot be too plain. Anything is the nature of fancy or ornamental lettering is taboo, and the card itself should be of white, unglazed pasteboard.

Have your cards engraved from a plate. The eighteen-pence-a-hundred-while-you-wait-variety, turned out by cheap printers, never looks well. A plate only costs a few shillings, and lasts practically for ever.

Whether you will describe yourself as "Mr. John Jones," or as "John Jones" is again a matter of personal choice, assuming that you have no other particular rank or title.

At Oxford and Cambridge, an undergraduate is not supposed to put "Mr." on his card, unless he is the Hon. So-and-So—an Honourable, by the way, does not put his title on his card up any time—and many ex-Varsity men keep up this custom throughout life. Personally, I am all in favour of the "Mr."—the other way is to me always suggestive of a Yankee "drummer"—but it is really a matter for you to decide.

Whatever you may have in front of your name, be careful to have nothing after it. You may be entitled to half the letters in the alphabet, but to put on your card any distinction you bear, is to show you don't know what is inscribed.

I have before me a card, which is inscribed "Col. —, V.D."—V.D. standing for Volunteer Decoration. Whether a volunteer officer should use his military rank in private life is a debatable point. On the whole, perhaps, he should not, because except on very special occasions he is not subject to military law, and has no real military status. However, the volunteers have given way to the "Terriers," and I do not think there can be any sound objection to a man's describing himself as "Captain Dash, Such-and-Such a Regiment, Territorial Army." But in the case under notice the "V.D." was absolutely inadmissible. There should be nothing after your name, at least not on the same line.

A naval or military officer will, of course, have the name of his ship or regiment below his own name, but the ordinary man wants nothing else on his card, except his private address in the bottom left-hand corner.

A business card, naturally, is a different matter, and on it you may put such details of your business as you think fit, but we are talking of private visiting cards.

Formerly, gentlemen used to exchange cards on the slightest provocation, but the custom has fallen somewhat into disuse. Still, should you strike up a casual acquaintance in train or a smoking-room with another man, and desire to continue it, by all means proffer your card.

Have a card case. You needn't go in for a gold or silver one, which is rather foppish—but plain leather one is quite good enough—just don't carry your cards in cigar or cigarette cases, as many men do.

It is a poor compliment to a lady to have a card on her which reeks of tobacco, and very likely has some flakes of the weed adhering to it.

Your card, I need hardly say, should be spotlessly clean and fresh.

As to leaving cards, you should not as a rule leave more than two, one for the gentleman, one for the ladies of the house. If, however, there is a visitor staying in the house, on whom you desire to call, you may leave another card for him or her.

You leave cards whether you find your people at home or not, in the former case depositing the cards on the hall-stand or on the card tray on your way out—at least, this is so in the case of formal calls.

Cards should never be sent by post, except when you have suddenly to leave the neighbourhood and have not time to pay your farewell calls in person.

E. H. HULL.



AN
OUTINGA TALE OF A SPORTING
CABBY.

By H. HOBSON STILES.

I am still amazed because we came out of it all alive. Of what started us on our wild career on that memorable summer's afternoon I have no distinct recollection. I merely know that four of us—much too young for our age—were taking a well-earned holiday in a seaside town, and when a broiling sun was beating down upon us, and peeling our faces, against a sun-scorched wall opposite a cab rank and said:



"Let's go for a drive!" So we went.

Since then we have insured our lives against accident, lest the madness should come over us again.

Fate ordained that we should fall into the clutches of a fat and bowler-hatted Arthur Henry, a man known to all the town as the Sporting Cabby.

When we made his acquaintance he was leaning up against the rails of the cab rank, attentively studying the "Sportsman," and we took him for the proprietor of half the cabs at least. "We want," I said, "a cab for the afternoon—

and a man on the box who can drive."

"Well, you're born lucky, sir!" said Arthur. "You've found a winner this time an' no mistake! There's the cab, and here's the man who can drive."

He ushered us into an open fly with all ceremony. "Arthur Henry," he said, "is yours to command for the rest of the afternoon."

A second later he was upon the box. A crack of the whip, and we were off in the most approved style.

We had not known him two minutes before he had impressed us with the fact that Blue Blazes was the "pinch" for the four o'clock Telephone Company's call-box, where he rang through the amount of our investments to his commission agent.

Naturally enough, the sagacious animal between the shafts selected the moment he left the cab as the appointed time for a voluntary constitutional along the principal street of the town, and it was while we were calculating what it would feel like to be driven through a plate-glass shop window that a policeman saved the situation by hanging on to the reins that trailed along the ground.

When Arthur came puffing up to us, the policeman still grasped in his hand, the cab, unmolested, informed him that he would be summoned for leaving a vehicle, to wit a licensed

The four of us, however, were unanimous upon one point. We demanded that he should be charged with attempted manslaughter forthwith.

Arthur Henry apologised on behalf of his horse, who, it appeared, hadn't an ounce of vice in him. "Josh" had never been known to move a yard "on his own" before.

A treaty of peace satisfactorily concluded, even to the bribing of the policeman, we were soon off again, bowling merrily along towards the open country. Josh certainly could step it out a bit when he liked. He was not exactly a sprinter, but he went on at one steady pace—

reserving several stone in hand. Yet I am still prepared to back Josh to give 28lbs. to any legitimate British cab-horse, and win in a walk. We were driving along now between Brambled hedges through sweet-scented lanes, with the sun shining down upon the parched road,

and the dust flying in low, whirling clouds from our wheels.

So we lay back luxuriously and enjoyed it all. Here and there an interested cow peered over a hedge and regarded us wonderingly, and some ducks in the road outside a farm-yard gate loudly objected to our disturbance of the sylvan peace, and waddled off indignantly.

At last we left the sea coast, and the white, dusty road opened out into a goose-populated common, and a village straggled out in a broken line of houses, started and finished off at one end with a hostelry displaying the sign of the "Falgate Tavern." High above the door was hung a miniature white gate, and on the bars the following was inscribed:

"The gate hangs high and hinders none.

"Refresh and pay,

"And travel on."

Here we came to an abrupt stop. It was evident that Arthur Henry was thirsty, for we had given him no such order. Yet he still sat on the box, and, opening the carriage door ourselves, we jumped out.

His behaviour struck us as unbecoming in the extreme.

Now there is one question which Arthur Henry is never slow to answer, and that is—"What's yours?" But he did not reply when I yelled that formula to him from the tavern door.

With his large-brimmed bowler tipped over his eyes, he was sleeping peacefully, totally oblivious of the laws of traffic, and the rule of the road troubled him not.

We woke him up with many insults, but he took no heed of them.

"Gentlemen," he said, "Josh is a horse I can trust. Yes, I felt a bit drowsy."

"Do you admit," asked one of the party hotly, "that you deliberately went to sleep?"

"Cert'nly. Wot was the use of bein' awake? There ain't a pub before the 'Falgate,' and of course Josh knows the place well enough. Wot have you gents got to complain about? You're here, aren't you?—you're here!"

Thanks to the intelligence of Josh we certainly were alive. We said as much to Arthur Henry, when, mindful of the events of the early afternoon, we handed him a pint pot of beer and saw that he retained his seat on the box.

"The horse," said Arthur with pride, "has got brains."

"Well, we're all gifted in some way or the other," said one of the party. "Anyhow, he isn't what you'd call a Derby winner for speed, is he?"

Arthur Henry assumed his highest dignity in a moment.

"I'll back him," he said, "against any cab-horse in England!"

"Well, look here," said the Sporting Man of the company. "I'll bet he won't pass five vehicles going home."

"You wouldn't like to give me half-a-dollar for everything on wheels we pass, sir?" Arthur exclaimed.

"I will—providing you'll give me two-and-six for everything that passes us." Our Sporting Man fingered his horse-head tie-pin nervously.

"It's a bet!" said Arthur Henry, grasping the ribbons firmly.

We had hardly stepped into the well of the cab before Josh jumped off with a racing-like start, flinging us all into a confused, swearing muddle. With true business instinct the Sporting Cabby evidently intended to drive us home by the high road, where we were certain to meet more traffic. Before we had fairly left the village behind us we managed, by hugging the hedge, to pass a rumbling country wagon pulled by large shire horses.

"Half-a-dollar to me!" Arthur Henry yelled, flicking his whip. Our Sporting Man, notebook in hand, logged it gravely: "One wagon—2s. 6d." on the debit side.

A motor-car made it quits, and Arthur Henry swore loudly.

In the next ten minutes he picked up five shillings to his credit over a milk-cart and a carrier's van. All this time we were going on in break-neck style through startled villages and drowsy hamlets.

A yokel sitting on a gate thought that Josh was running away, and he valiantly made a successful jump for the animal's head, stopping him with a suddenness that upset us all for several sickly seconds.

He pulled Josh on his haunches with strength almost superhuman—whereupon a tradesman's cart, turning out of a by-road behind us, nipped past, and the Sporting Man booked a half-crown to himself.

Arthur Henry let the countryman have one sentence of turgid Anglo-Saxon, followed by an unkind flick of his whip. That yokel, in my opinion, will never aspire to a hero's honours again.

On two wheels we swung round dangerous corners, and upon one occasion dislodged one of His Majesty's pillar-boxes.

The sight of a vehicle in the distance was enough to drive Arthur Henry mad, and Josh would be urged on to super-equine exertions, so that by the time we were coming into the outskirts of the seaside town, Josh was a mass of lather, Arthur Henry covered in dust, our nerves wrecked for ever, and the Sporting Man owed seventeen-and-sixpence.

Alas for the greed of gain so rooted in mankind, and Arthur Henry in particular! The winning-post was the cab-rank from which we had started, and, had Arthur Henry kept well out in the middle of the road and stuck to his position, nothing could have robbed him of the seven half-crowns, representative of much beer.

He saw three Corporation water-carts, which had come out just as the rain was beginning to fall, well ahead of us. Nothing was "barred" in the bet except wheelbarrows and bicycles.

He shook the perspiring Josh up into one last effort. It would be a squeeze to pass the water-carts before they got to the cab-rank.

However, let it be said that Arthur Henry would have got there by a short head had it not been for the sudden approach of a Corporation tram, which jammed us between the last of the water-carts and itself. Though they threatened to crunch us like a Barcelona nut between crackers, our Sporting Man philosophically prepared to make notes in his book.

Several passing tradesmen's carts reduced Arthur's winnings to seven-and-sixpence, while he still stuck there, purple with rage; and before we had disentangled our caught wheel from the water-cart's sprayer, five other vehicles of various descriptions had passed us on the other side of the tram.

We settled up beneath the hospitable sign of the "Crown and Anchor." Between us we practically carried the fat and perspiring Arthur into the smoke-room, and the financier of the party paid the cab fare.

"How do we stand, guv'nor?" Arthur asked miserably of the Sporting Man.

"I make it a dollar you owe me," our friend replied, "but, Arthur, old boy, I don't want it. Oblige me by presenting the five shillings to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Cab Drivers."



SOME HUMOURS OF THE
GREATEST INDOOR GAME.

Billiards, as played by professionals, does not lend itself to humorous incidents. It is too serious, not to say too solemn, an affair, with too much hanging on the issue, for the principals to treat it after the jocular fashion of the irresponsible amateur.

Nevertheless, some of the leading pros have had quaint experiences, more especially outside big matches.

Some years ago a couple of strangers were sitting in the billiard-room of an hotel at a Lancashire watering-place while a game was in progress. From time to time they commented on the play, but although their remarks were quietly and good-humouredly made, and only to each other, one of the players, who happened to be the local champion, appeared to get rather nettled by their criticism, and when the game was over he loudly challenged the room.

The smaller of the two strangers, who was quite a little man, smiled and shook his head, whereat the challenger grew very wroth and "dared" him to play 100 up.

THE SHRIMP AND THE UMBRELLA.

"Oh, all right," said the little man, as he trotted up to the table, "but, as you say, I am only a shrimp, and your cues are too long for me. However, this will do."

"This" was a handsome, tightly folded umbrella. The local champion, thinking his opponent was joking, gave a miss in baulk.

The little man, however, did indeed use his umbrella as a cue, and to some effect. His first shot was a splendid screw "loser" off the red which, of course, was on the spot. So accurately was the stroke judged too that the red was left over a middle pocket in an easy position to be potted.

Down it duly went. The umbrella magician had "position" for the spot stroke, and in a very few minutes he had "run out" with thirty-one "spots." The news of the exploit spread through the hotel, and the landlord coming in recognised in the visitor none other than the redoubtable W. J. Peall, the spot stroke champion. Peall then explained the mystery; his innocent-looking "gamp" was fitted with a proper cue point, carried inside a detachable ferrule.

DAWSON'S STORY.

Charles Dawson sometimes tells this story about himself; he heard it from the district registrar of his native town of Huddersfield, while he was playing a match there.

On the Friday evening there came to the registrar's office a grimy mill-hand, who inquired: "Wheer's t'chap as registers deaths?"

"I am he," said the registrar.

"Coom, then, I want thee to register t'death o' ma wife, Mary Jane Jones."

"When did she die?" was the official's natural question.

"She's not dead yet, but she'll dee to-neet," was the startling reply.

"What on earth do you mean?" demanded the registrar, thinking he was dealing with a madman, or that there was murder afoot.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

"Nowt much," answered the mill-hand; "only t'doctor says she can't live till morning; she's sure to dee to-neet."

"But look here," said the registrar, "I cannot register a death until it has taken place; if your wife dies to-night you must come again to-morrow."

"Nay, owd chap," said the mill-hand, "I can't coom t'morrow; it's the last day o' Charlie Dawson's billiard match, an' Aw've gotten eight bob on him."

When H. W. Stevenson was playing at Johannesburg, an old Boer, who had watched the game with interest, came up to him, and asked how he got his living.

"Why, by playing this game," said Stevenson, indicating the table.

"Do you mean to tell me that people will pay to see you knocking these little balls about?"

Fun in the Billiard Room



asked the old "Dopper" incredulously.

"Yes," said Stevenson, "they will pay me quite a lot of money."

"*Allemachtig!*" said the Boer, hands uplifted. "I always heard that the English were mad, and now I know it."

In the amateur game I suppose the "classic" story is of Herbert Spencer, who was once induced to take part in a 100 up with an Army captain. The great philosopher gave a miss in baulk; his opponent scored, and going on ran out with a fine break of 99, and then, turning round, said rather bumpiously: "What do you think of that, Mr. Spencer?"

THE PHILOSOPHER'S VIEW.

"Captain Snooker," replied the nettled thinker, who had a very human side, and appreciated defeat no more than most of us, "a certain dexterity in games of skill argues a well-balanced mind, but such dexterity as you have shown is an evidence, I fear, of a misspent youth!"

Captain Robert Marshall, the distinguished author of "The Second-in-Command" and other successful plays, has a pretty wit.

One day he was in the billiard-room of his club, where a couple of "duffers" were making a snail-like progress with a game of 100 up. Nevertheless, poor though the play was, Captain Marshall stayed on, and even appeared to be greatly interested in the players' efforts; so much so that one of them remarked: "I wonder at your caring to watch a rotten game like this. You seem quite interested."

"Oh," said Captain Marshall quietly, "it's not so much your play that interests me, as your wonderful self-control."

"Our self-control! What do you mean?" demanded the duffer, walking into the trap.

"Why," said the dramatist, preparing to make a hasty exit, "when you get what you played for, you never show any surprise."

SOME FAMILIAR TYPES.

The humours of the average billiard-room are perhaps rather those of character than of incident. Billiard players will, I think, readily recognise the following types.

First of all, there is the ultra-sensitive player who is always being "put off."

It is not a matter of his being "put off" by anyone speaking on his stroke, or obstructing his view of a pocket—these are legitimate subjects for complaint. No, he displays remarkable ingenuity in discovering excuses for bad play, and I am sure he must be a near relation of the golfer who declared he was "put off" a shot by the infernal row of a lark, singing away up in the heavens.

The rumble of a cab outside, the striking of a match, the presence of players at an adjacent table, the colour of an opponent's hair or the cut of his clothes, an open window or a closed one, the presence or absence of a fire in the room, the time the waiter takes to bring the drinks, the drinks when they do arrive, a fly on the ceiling—any one of these "annoyances" is suffi-

cient to make him declare passionately that he has been "put right off" and will never "play the beastly game again."

There is also the lugubrious player, the man who makes up his mind beforehand that he is going to lose, and, as a natural consequence, usually does encounter defeat.

He does not exactly grumble; he expects misfortune, gets it, and accepts it with melancholy resignation. His game is punctuated with heavy sighs, and why he ever plays I'm sure I don't know, for it is incredible that he should derive any pleasure from the sport.

A livelier type is the excitable player, and on the whole he is good fun to play with, though sometimes he makes the game a trifle too exciting. When he is playing you are generally out of imminent danger of having an eye knocked out with his cue, which he brandishes like a flail all over the place.

LIVENING THINGS UP.

When it is a "near thing" for a cannon coming off or a ball going into a pocket, he jumps up and down with excitement, shaking the whole place, and he is a terrible chap to have playing at the next table to you.

In many billiard-rooms there is not enough space between two tables to allow of a player from each table playing back to back, as they may sometimes have to do. But our excitable friend never looks to see whether you are in his way. Round he rushes, back comes his cue, and you receive a fearful jab in the hinder part of your anatomy. However, on the whole, he is a good chap, and a sportsman, and his antics are more amusing than annoying.

Of quaint incidents in billiard-rooms I think the most extraordinary in my experience was a "freak" match between a very good player and a very bad one.

The terms of the match, which was for a substantial stake, were that the bad player was to be allowed to say "Boo!" three times during the match just as his opponent was about to play.

A FREAK MATCH.

The players played level; nevertheless, the bad cueist won easily, and that without saying "Boo" once!

Every time his opponent prepared to make a shot he would steal up behind him, open his mouth. The striker, expecting the "Boo," either made the stroke hurriedly or waited expectant until his aim was spoiled, and in the latter case he became totally unnerved, and was soundly whopped.

An amusing thing I have often seen happen is for a player deliberately yet quite unintentionally to give his opponent the game. This often happens in the case of a close game when a player is more intent on the table than the score.

"Spot" is 99; "Plain," say, 83. "Going," and makes 10, when he is badly "let" by. He carefully surveys the position, and after much thought gives a safety miss. "Spot," of course, wins amid the delighted shouts of the onlookers.

I have seen a ball, forced off the table, plump in a teacup, to the great astonishment of the spectator who was on the point of conveying it to his lips.

A CASUALTY.

I have seen a fat old gentleman, who had been standing too close behind a player, stretched writhing on the floor as the result of a vicious "little Mary."

But on the whole, as I have said, the humour of the billiard-room lies more in the character of its occupants, than actual happenings.

The "hawk," obviously "pigeon," the "tempered" player; the duffer, who always will be a duffer, but is quite content and is overjoyed to make ten; the excitable player; the melancholy give-nothing-away man; the idiosyncrasies afford amusement to the observant onlooker, and a whole hour in a billiard-room is often entertained, spent, if only for the study of character alone.

ERNEST WOOLTON.

PETER PANS.

SOME MEN WHO WON'T GROW UP.

You generally find that the strong man is much more capable of relaxing himself than is the man of only ordinary calibre; he works extra hard during working hours; and this is made possible only by his being able to cast aside in his leisure time not only the cares of business but also the frame of mind in which he tackles them.

But there are limits to relaxation. I know by sight—I have no particular desire to know him personally—a man who occupies a responsible position in London. He is the manager of a large firm of silk merchants, and his income would be, judging by his house and so forth, about £700 a year; a very creditable income, for I should not reckon his age to be more than 35.

He must necessarily have his strong points, for otherwise he would never have attained his success, but he has also more than his fair share of weak points. Like myself he lives in a London suburb, and he is in a feeble sort of way a sportsman—I mean that he is always ready to go in for any novelty in the way of recreation; I have not heard of his distinguishing himself in any strenuous sport.

His latest development is to run about the pavements of our street on roller skates, and I have even known him to go clumping into the saloon bar of the local hotel with these contrivances upon his feet.

In my estimation that man, though successful, is still a child, and I do not think him a very lovable one.

I met another Peter Pan with a moustache a few days ago, a man with whom I had done business on several occasions, and we had come to be on what might be called friendly terms—so that we might discuss subjects of mutual interest.

One day I called to see him and told him that I should be obliged to take away some business doing it successfully.

I explained that I was out to make money and not for fun; I told him that I had the greatest personal regard for himself, but that my interests demanded that I should make a change in the matter of the business he was transacting for me.

I was not doing anything unfair; I was not injuring him; I was simply attending to my own interests. Therefore I regarded the interview as purely a business one and not of such a character as would be calculated to sever our friendship.

At the end of it, however, he said to me: "I'm not going to lunch with you on Thursday as we arranged," and this was simply because of the annoyance he felt at my taking the business from him.

He was a Peter Pan, a man who had never grown up. His remark showed me his character more fully than I had previously known it; it showed him to be childish. A stronger man and when business was finished would have lunched with me as if nothing had happened.

I have another Peter Pan in my mind. He is a man who swanks. His manner is loud, he is big of body, he is admired by most of the women who see him, and he believes that the world is at his feet.

But he is only another Peter Pan.

To some extent the girls are to blame for spoiling him, but we cannot acquit him, for he should not allow them or anyone else to spoil him.

He is the softest mark I have ever struck in the way of business; he is absolutely unintelligent if you talk to him on general topics. He poses as a little god, and he believes himself to be one. He has all the vanity of a child who is anxious to show off and who is encouraged to do so. In spite of his size I doubt whether he will ever become a man.

GERALD SMITH.



A NUTTY PROBLEM.

It happened in this wise. A certain misguided youth, who earned his daily bread (and occasionally the displeasure of the boss) at a famous house where you pay three-and-ninepence for your bowler and done with it, so-journed for a while upon a farm in the summer.

There, imbued no doubt with the back-to-the-land idea, he was in the habit of wandering about and inspecting things from which we are supposed to get our "pure milk" in London—if the rain does not happen to get into the cans coming up.

Watching the lacteal fluid squirting into the pail, as the cow philosophically chewed the cud and looked as if she didn't mind it at all, the town man said it seemed very easy.

"Bet you a new hat I'll do it," said the townsman.

"A'right, zur," said the son of the soil.

Alas! Immediately the cow had divined that an apprentice was trying his hand on her, and that the apprentice had gone so far in bad taste as to make a bet over a lady, she tried to emulate the feats of a Yeomanry cab-trained cavalry horse carrying a recruit. Whereat the contents of the pail beautifully whitewashed the shopman.

Yet he rose with never the smallest "d" on his lips; and while the countryman yahooped after the manner of his class, Algernon Brown merely stood like Ajax defying the lightning.

"You shall have the hat, my man," he said haughtily, "as soon as I go back to town. What size do you take?"

"I dunno. What size is yours, zur?"

"Oh—er—a six-seven-eighths is what I wear."

The bucolic one lifted his paying guest's straw from his head and tried it on without further ado.

"Yes," he said at length, "my 'ead is bigger than yourn. Yours is six-seven-eight, is ut? Well, you'd better send me a nine-ten-eleven."

PHYSICAL IMPROVEMENT.

Varmer Goiles was coming up to London for a week; he said it was to buy new agricultural implements and seeds and things, but we've heard that sort of story before.

Never mind. We are not concerned in this stirring narrative with Varmer's purposes.

Mrs. Goiles had been carefully reading Captain Saunders' notes in regard to masculine habiliments, and, though her ideas on some points remained hazy, she had somehow gathered the impression that every day should be what Dr. Johnson used to describe as a clean shirt day.

"William," she said, as her spouse departed upon his adventurous journey, "mind you put a clean shirt on every day; I've packed enough in your bag to last the week."

And Varmer departed, and duly returned.

"Willum," said Mrs. Goiles on his return, "Lunnon agrees wi' you; you've grown stouter. Did you remember to put on a clean shirt every day as I told you?"

"I did," said Varmer. "I've got 'em all on now."

HAPPY NIGHTS.

IV. RIDING TOWARDS THE STORM.

Darkness was falling as I carried my bicycle downstairs from my lodgings and set off for a week-end visit to my home in the country.

It was my plan to ride on steadily throughout the night, not caring how time flew away, and as I wheeled along I felt the journey well within my grasp and took things easily.

Just as summer darkness settled in, a vague, far-spreading flicker caught my eye.

The possibility of a storm, threatening of late, became at once a probability, for I knew the flash could only be the distant lightning, and I wondered what my chances were of reaching shelter before the deluge burst upon my road. It was to be a race between us, I could see, for flash succeeded flash with short and ever shorter intervals, and ever growing brightness.

Still on I went, now well within an hour's good ride of rest and shelter. As the lightning flashed, the rolling line of hills became distinct, the hills that now alone stood between me and home. I toiled and laboured up their steep ascent, making a final effort.

At last! Panting and with aching thighs I paused upon the hill-top to gain breath.

Stray drops of rain—round cold thunder-drops—pattered around me and upon the leaves.

Off I went once more, heedless of the minor pitfalls of the dusty road, bowling along without the slightest effort down the hill-side.

Crash! An ugly pale blue streak of lightning ripped the black clouds, and instantly a clattering roar succeeded it. The rain came swishing down in streams. I was caught at the post!

Ducking my head, I put my last reserves of strength into the work, and drew up breathless at my house.

Within an hour I had changed my clothes and supped, and, with legs stretched out before the log fire and with a pipe in my teeth, I listened to the racket of the storm without.

It was a happy night when I raced the storm.

VICTOR DENNIS.

THINGS SEEN.

X. THE SAILOR AND THE PIANO ORGAN.

It was in Dover, about the middle of Snargate-Street, at a corner where a road runs down by a public-house towards the docks.

Outside the door of the saloon bar stood a piano organ, managed by a man and a woman. The man had been turning the handle till he was dead tired, and the woman was now doing her share of the work. The tune they were playing was "Take me back to London town," and both were singing it at the top of their voices with considerable skill.

London town was the last place on the face of this beautiful earth that I wanted to see at that particular moment, for I was taking a hard-earned holiday away from it. I could not therefore sympathise with the sentiment expressed in the song, but I sympathised with a little note of pathos that showed itself in the woman's voice. That, however, was the sole extent of my sympathy—apart from the dropping of twopence into the man's hat when he brought it round.

There was there, however, one who showed his sympathy in a more practical manner. He was a seaman from one of the men-o'-war lying in the harbour. He took the woman's wrist, removed her fingers from the handle of the organ, and turned it himself.

If any of his officers had seen him, I believe he would have been reprimanded for degrading His Majesty's uniform; and possibly he was doing so, but I do not think he was degrading himself. He turned the handle of that organ so solemnly that I believe his own heart was longing for the enchantress London. The woman, relieved of the muscular task of grinding the music, sang with renewed energy and additional pathos.

When the song was finished, the sailor smiled and nodded to her and to the man, and disappeared in the crowd.

G. BULCRAIG.

JUST WRITE IT DOWN



A PLEA FOR THE INFANTRYMAN.

As an enthusiastic reader of THE MODERN MAN and at the same time a Territorial, I have noticed that almost always when a Territorial is referred to he is a Yeoman, or at least a member of some mounted corps.

The mounted branches of the force no doubt appeal more to the public, and no doubt make a finer show on parade than the infantryman, but it is not always the same in the field or on the range.

I do not wish to run down the Territorial cavalryman. He is a fine fellow, and game for any amount of hard work, for he has his horse to look after as well as his rifle and his kit. But I do want to put in a plea for the "foot-slogger."

After all he is in the majority by a good many thousands, and he does the bulk of the hard work and has to march instead of riding.

On a Saturday afternoon in London (and probably in every other town in the country) you will see hundreds of Territorials in uniform. But what mystifies me is that nearly all wear spurs and a fine cavalry swagger.

The infantryman appears in far less numbers. I suppose it is because he is not so eager to rush into uniform on the first opportunity, but he has as much reason to be proud of his uniform as the mounted man, and personally I would like to see him wear it in all his leisure time.

THE QUARTER-MILE.

After very hard training I won the 440 yards Championship, and my happiness was complete.

It became a craze with me. Always the 440, my athletic chums would say—practising the same course day after day, till I was almost sick of it. Then, at last, the great day came, when I must win or lose.

The thrill of delight that came to me as I made my way to the dressing-room to strip was beyond explaining. The blood was rushing through my veins madly as I heard the cheers from the race before.

Now we are all out, ready and waiting for the umpires to put us in our places. One gets 50 yards start, another 30 yards; two more at 25 yards, yet another five at the 10 yards mark. Now I come to the five yards mark, shaking with excitement and wondering how the devil am I going to pick them all up. I pull myself together and shake the old fear off, for now we are all ready for the start, crouching with muscles tensed, waiting for the pistol shot.

Then bang! and away we go, some well away, others in a bunch.

Now one lap is over; two more laps to go; I am going strongly, watching the leaders in front. Now is the time that tells, for one falls fainting away, and yet another. Two of the others, who were fighting for the inside place, go tumbling over him, with all the wind knocked out of them.

Springing lightly over one of them, I take sixth place. I collected my scattered thoughts for one lap more, to find myself fourth man from home.

Only half a lap to go, and two more drop out, done to the world. Straining every muscle and nerve to get in front, I am now second man. The wind is singing in my ears, like the droning of an electric motor.

Now I am in the straight for home, people's faces swimming before me, every muscle tensed for the final sprint. I hardly feel whether my feet are on the ground or not. The cheers are

deafening to me, all seems a blur somehow, except the white tape dancing before my eyes.

Still the droning noise in my ears; it finishes as I breast the tape first, and am caught in my chum's arms, remembering no more.

SAVAGE SECRETS.

One of the problems which the white man has never been able to elucidate, is how the savage manages to convey news so quickly, without the aid of any such instrument as the telegraph. A conversation which I have just had with a Canadian who is visiting London on a holiday, throws an interesting side-light on the matter.

"I was on a shooting expedition on the banks of the Grand River in the early part of 1901," he told me. "My sole companion was an Indian of the semi-civilised type. We had pitched our camp one evening, when suddenly I heard an unearthly cry proceed apparently from the very waters beside us. I asked my companion what it could possibly mean, but he made no reply. He went instead to the bank of the river, repeated the cry, placed his hand to his ear, listened intently for a moment, and then returned to the fire.

"He then informed me that either the chief of his tribe or Queen Victoria was dead, as the cry which had startled me was the Indian Death-Cry, which had been sounded from somewhere far up stream, and which he had duly repeated in order that the news might be spread.

"Water will carry sound for miles, a fact which the Indians have long since discovered. Their Death-Cry is uttered only when a great Chief dies. It was not till I returned to the nearest settlement a week later that I discovered that the Queen had actually passed away."

'BUS RIDING.

As one who has to do a good deal of travelling in London, I may be permitted to make a suggestion to my fellow passengers.

I always travel by motor-bus to save time, and I go on the top in order to get the fresh air. As you have probably found out, you are jolted to bits on the top of a motor-bus when it travels at any speed, and for this reason many men who would otherwise like to enjoy the air content themselves with a seat inside.

You can avoid all the jars and jolts of the pitching bus, if instead of sitting firm and erect with your spine against the back of the seat, you sit easily, curving your shoulders and keeping your back away from the back of the seat altogether.

You are pitched about just as much as formerly, but you do not feel it; and you will not be liable to the usual motor-bus headache. I suppose the reason is that the vibration is absorbed by the curved spine instead of being transmitted by the straight one up to your brain, but anyhow I can promise you that the plan is fully effective.

Very few travellers in buses seem to realise that it makes a difference to your comfort on which side of the bus you sit, especially if you are inside and therefore riding sideways.

The arch of the road is more noticeable than one is apt to think, especially if it be a narrow one, so that by sitting always on the left or near side, you will get far greater comfort.

On the off side you will feel a tendency, however slight, to slide off the seat, and cannot lean back so easily.

WANTED: SMART PARAGRAPHS.

Send us a bright paragraph, something about your own personal interests, something that a man will want to read. If it is the best sent in during any one week, the guinea is yours.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 rs. for the best and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. H. Knights, 73, Western Street, Swansea, for "The Quarter-Mile."

THE UTILITY OF ALARMS.

An alarm clock is one of the best investments a man can make. Somebody has said that one of the secrets of success in life is to get up before your alarm has ceased ringing. But apart altogether from success in life, the alarm pays. Suppose you take the average of eight hours sleep, say from eleven to seven. It is necessary that you should get up at seven because you have to dress for work, or catch a train. If you have no alarm by your bedside, you will find several waking up and examining your watch several times between six o'clock and seven. That last hour of your rest will have done you no good, because it has been so often interrupted.

With a good alarm, however, you will be awakened at the very moment you wish. If you happen to wake up at six you turn over and promptly fall asleep again, for you have full reliance on the alarm, and know that, as you were not awakened by it, it is not yet time to get up. If, on the other hand, you have to pull a watch from beneath your pillow and clear your eyes sufficiently to read what it tells, you have brought yourself to a state of wakefulness which may prevent your sleeping again at all.

I am not suggesting that one should use the alarm as a means of encouraging sleep for an hour after one has had all one needs. The best plan is to find out exactly the number of hours you require for sleep, and set your alarm to rouse you at the end of that period. In this way you will sleep with absolute soundness all the time you are in bed, instead of spending a portion of it in a dazed doze which amounts to wasted time.

HUMBLE SPORT.

There is a tip I should like to give to my fellow readers, which I think might be useful to many of them.

I am fascinated more than I can say by the sporting articles in THE MODERN MAN, but such things as otter-hunting and other amusements that demand a good deal of expenditure, as well as plenty of leisure, are beyond my reach, as I am only a shop assistant; in spite of this I read these articles with the greatest interest, although I fear I can never hope to participate in the sport described.

My own sport is limited to boxing, which is within the reach of anybody, to an occasional game of football and to a run with the cross-country club when I can get the time.

I know many men who cannot afford to take up the more expensive sports, and who are inclined to be jealous of those who can do so; if you feel like that you ought to change your outlook. Take up what sport is within your reach, as regards time and money and you will find your heart growing big towards all other sportsmen, no matter what their particular life, and you will be able to enjoy reading about the more expensive sports just as much as if you actually went in for them.

THE NIMBLE HALFPENNY.

If you cannot lay your hand on an inch-rule but want to measure something, use a halfpenny. It is exactly an inch in diameter, so that you can soon make a rule on a slip of paper if you want it.

Then again the halfpenny may be used as a weight. Five of them make an ounce when they leave the mint, so that if the specimens you are using are a little worn, you may have to make the necessary allowance in your calculations.

If your change is in silver, you can still get the ounce approximately, for five shillings fall just a fraction short of it.

If you want to find out the intrinsic value of some trinket or chain of solid gold, you can do so approximately by weighing it against so many new sovereigns.

The number required to balance it will give you very nearly the amount which you should get for it merely as so much gold. The amount of workmanship expended on it is, of course, outside the calculation.

A BRISBY YEOMANRY STORY.
By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

The hot summer sun beat down upon the little scout-party of mounted Yeomen, and only a light western breeze was blowing over the undulating heath land of the cliffs.

Some miles away, the red-roofed little fishing village of Prawlestone, the quaint suburb of Brer-mouth, nestled under the long arm of the cliff. Beyond lay the piers and white pavilions of Brer-mouth, its broad stretch of sands washed by a sparkling sea of azure blue.

The scouting party, a section of four men in the blue and yellow of the King's Own, had reined up cautiously to take observation of the long field before them offered not a vestige of cover, and it behoved them to be cautious.

Trooper Kernahan seized the opportunity to mop his fevered brow, and his observations upon smote down upon them, and the sizzle of the sea in pellucid pools.

"Why," asked Kernahan, as he inwardly cursed the inventor of puttees, "do the confounded Authorities invariably select the hottest annual attack on our sister town?"

"You've nothing to complain of," observed the corporal in command of the party, taking a swig at a large flask. "Think of the poor Advance Guard in the rear of us comin' on cautious at a kiddin' they're reconnoitring the road and vance—accordin' to instructions. We can have a drink when we like. Phew! It is hot. There, have a drink, Kerny."

He leaned over clumsily in his saddle and offered his flask, while his mount, hardly up to the Corporal's fat fourteen stone, showed signs of malevolent intentions—which, strangely enough, inwardly delighted Trooper Kernahan.

"No thanks," said Kernahan, virtuously refusing a drink for the first time in his life. "Not having stripes, we're not privileged to get tight for active service, are we, you chaps?"

Troopers Stephen and Carteret winked. Not for nothing had that artless trio seen to it that Corporal Gale's flask should contain spirit of the deadliest kind purchasable at country hostleries, and diluted with no more water than the land-lord added in the way of business. The Corporal, a veteran who had grown out of several uniforms in the region of the fourth button, was lazy and not too popular in the King's Own Blankshire Yeomanry, a regiment that prided itself vastly on its appearance and dash.

The coast being apparently clear of the "Gadflies"—thus were the Midshires baptised, because all their Territorial units blended brown and green in their uniforms—Kernahan reined whereupon the Corporal that he was in command, to the road.

Kernahan cut out the pace sharply, as one who was tired of the slow trots usually set by the puffing Corporal Gale. Kernahan nodded slyly to Carteret and Stephen, and gave them a lead over a moderately stiff fence into a grass-grown, brambly lane. Corporal Gale, perspiring freely behind them, was not to be outdone. Applying the spurs to his unfortunate mount he went straight for the obstacle.

Down! He fell gracefully clear of the horse, which now stood still, lathered and trembling, a piteous spectacle. The corporal had fallen on a bank and sitting up at length, observed that he was "comf'ble enough" where he was.

"And a bloomin' regiment of Colonel Blenkinsop's," he added thickly, "shan't move me!"

He drew himself up into an easier position beneath the shade of the hedge, crossed his arms over his ample belt, and nodded sleepily. Kernahan, who had reined up, regarded his superior with a bland smile of triumph. He had

The Tactics of Trooper Kernahan.



played hard for the lead—and got it!

It was all very peaceful. The repose in the features of Corporal Gale of the King's Own fitted in with the landscape. Somewhere down the lane a bee hummed and the brambles just stirred softly in the breeze.

"I won't open my eyes if you don't mind," the corporal said slowly, "or things'll go round and round."

Kernahan dismounted and, handing his reins to Stephen, shook the somnolent corporal.

"Look here, Gale!" he said sternly, "you carry certain instructions from the Colonel!"

"Yes—I—do!" His eyes were still closed.

"Well, if you're going to stay here all day, I must have them!" Kernahan's tone carried the command of a Brigadier General at the very least.

"Colonel's instructions were—'Give this to Cap'n Brermouth cyclists yourself—yourself, Gale, old boy,' he says." The Corporal seemed to lose himself in a reverie, and with his finger he described vague circles in the air. "Round and round my head goes," he said. "I want a drink, but I can't open my eyes—daren't, y'know."

"I'll get your flask for you!" said Kernahan, diving into Corporal Gale's pockets. He swiftly emptied the little whisky remaining and filled it from his water-bottle.

"Ah, that's better!" said the corporal, drinking while Kernahan held the flask.

"You're right!" Kernahan asserted, pocketing an official-looking despatch directed to Captain Goode of the Brermouth Cyclists, and also a note of instruction!

Then Providence ordered that a governess car driven by a lady of serious aspect, but kindly disposition, should pull up in the lane. Was the poor fellow really suffering from the effects of the sun? Certainly she would send someone to attend to him from her house.

"None but the brave deserve the fair," said Kernahan sententiously, when a few minutes later a groom returned with the governess-car, and drove the luckless Corporal Gale to the peace and quiet of a neighbouring farm.

"Instructions to Corporal Gale, in charge of scouting section," Kernahan read out. "If a strong body of the enemy are observed within a four-mile radius of Brermouth, Corporal Gale will immediately bear despatch to Captain Goode who lies with contingent of cyclists at Stoke Felton village. This to be done *without fail*. H'm—peppery old gentleman!"

"Hanged if I knew the cyclists were so near the enemy as that," exclaimed Trooper Stephen.

"And now I can see it all!" Kernahan went on, delightedly. "I've wondered why our Advance Guard hasn't moved out of the radius all day."

"Of course," Carteret broke in, with assurance unbecoming in a new recruit. "Blen-

kinsop's been giving them a safety miss in baulk this morning—playing for position, as you might say. He's drawing 'The Gadflies' on to attack Brer-

mouth, and when he's got 'em in our territory, the Cyclists and our beloved Charlie Gibson will be ready to swoop down on the enemy's stronghold at Corton-on-Sea. That'll be real jam for the East Blankshire Terriers."

"And not unlikely," said Kernahan, winking, "a Lance-corporal's stripe for the most deserving trooper in the King's Own!"

II.

Now it was only very rarely that "B" Squadron of the King's Own condescended to work in unison with the Brermouth Cyclists, and upon those occasions it was always the Colonel of the Yeomanry Regiment in absolute command. The annual little sham fight between the Territorials of the two rival towns of Brermouth and Corton-on-Sea, was, perhaps, more amusing than instructive. But there was a keen and healthy rivalry between the two forces, both of whom tried to capture the opposing town.

The village of Stoke Felton lay two miles to the north or Brermouth side of Corton-on-Sea, a flourishing little seaside town ten miles south of Brermouth along the east coast line.

It was at Stoke Felton that Colonel Blenkinsop had placed the Brermouth Cyclists, sending them thither by such a tortuous route that the leaders of companies had been driven almost mad in tracing out the lanes by marked maps. Naturally, there was no one to oppose them at Stoke Felton, which, however, held a fairly comprehensive command of the arteries of the highways to Corton, and was, therefore, a position of great strategical importance.

Trooper Archibald Harris Kernahan delighted in all such manoeuvres as the annual "war" with the East Midshire's Yeomanry and Cyclists—but the young man upon this occasion nurtured a grievance against the Powers-that-Be, in the King's Own. The sleeve of his uniform still lacked the gold-worked stripe of a non-commissioned officer, which was strange, seeing that his influence was beyond that of Captains.

When, on the day of the annual war game between the two counties, the Colonel had the effrontery to place him under the oldest but most disreputable member of the Squadron, Kernahan felt rather more than hurt.

"Hence," as he said afterwards, "my tactics!" The fact that Corporal Gale could be trusted to drink as much whisky as he could obtain, as an offering from a supposedly admiring trooper, was a great assistance to Kernahan.

Now, with the trump card in his own hand in the shape of the despatch to the Captain of the Cyclist Corps, Kernahan expected to render a mute but effective reproof to Colonel Blenkinsop.

The three were proceeding cautiously along under the scant cover afforded by a hedge that fringed the high road to Corton.

"Steady there!" Kernahan exclaimed suddenly. Far beyond the dip in the white paved road there arose a cloud of dust.

"The Loyal Midshire Hussars!" said Stephen.

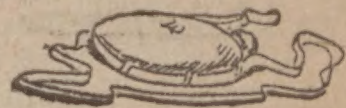
"And also," Kernahan remarked bitterly, "our cue to come into the centre of the stage—or, in other words, to cut it to Stoke Felton with this despatch. Here we observe the almighty Colonel of the Hussars digging out for his reputation."

"For God's sake," said the youth once known as The Wisp, "let's get down into the hollow. We're stuck up against the sky line, and any bloomin' umpire would count us shot."

"Carteret," said Trooper Stephen, "you're a clever little boy—really! Kerny, my dear chap, any umpires lurkin' about here now will rule we're done in right enough."

"Well," said Kernahan briefly, "our only chance is to tether the horses to the nearest tree and crawl down to cover behind the village inn—the Red Hen, opposite the Hopton Church in the hollow."

Sergeant-Major Brighton, beloved Mentor of "B" Squadron, has taught every member of the



smartest squadron in the King's Own to do things with exceeding dispatch, and without argument. It was a very few seconds later, that, hugging the shelter of the hedges, they reached unobserved the back of the Hopton "Red Hen," just before the full squadron of the Loyal Hussars clattered past.

Kernahan dashed by the surprised bucolic landlord, up a flight of rickety stairs, into an upper room.

"Yes, we're snookered now!" he called down. "They've twigged our nags and captured 'em. They've sent about half a troop to search for us. Lordy! there's a Sherlock Holmes picked up our tracks, too—least he's makin' his way pretty confidently!"

He stumbled down the stairs and rejoined his comrades. From the front of the house came the steady pulsating of a stationary motor-car. Now, had there been a Motor Corps in the King's Own, nothing could have kept Trooper Carteret out of it. Mechanically Kernahan grasped Carteret's arm and led him to the front of the house. The car stood unattended except by a yokel.

"Look here," said Kernahan earnestly, "if we don't get through with this despatch after making the Corporal riotously drunk, we shall be the laughing stock of the King's Own. Do you follow me, old chap?"

"I do—precisely," said Carteret dryly. "Here—you!—just go and see to our horses out at the back there. We'll keep an eye on the car!" The yokel ostler thus addressed touched his cap and shambled off.

"Now!" said Carteret. Without further thought the three jumped in.

It was the only chance. The car answered gallantly to the cajolings of Carteret. She bounded forward like a bird.

"I'm afraid the owner will have to be minus this pretty little toy for forty minutes or so," said Kernahan, as he held on to the side of the car. "Wake her up, Carteret! May the makers of the car prosper, and heaven help the owner!"

By a miracle they avoided accident, and disregarded all the shouts of policemen. The car had turned corners on two wheels, bounded off hedges and slaughtered many innocent farmyard fowls—but still they reached Stoke Felton alive to tell the tale.

Strangely, the Cyclist Corps was already forming up, and it was Sergeant Gibson who fell out of the ranks with a gasp of surprise, and would fain have asked their business, as they pulled up smiling.

"No, Charles!" said Kernahan sweetly, "we can't argue with non-coms, thanks. We have come to talk with your respected Captain. I bear an important despatch. My Colonel's instructions were—'Give this to the Captain of the Brermouth Cyclists yourself, Kernahan'—so fetch him, please, Sergeant!"

Kernahan waved his hand airily as Sergeant Gibson departed, cursing.

Captain Goode came up hurriedly.

"What the Devil do you chaps want?" he asked.

More effrontery!—but Kernahan contained himself. Now for the ace of trumps!

"Merely this!" said Kernahan, handing over the despatch with an air of supreme indifference.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Captain. "Whatever is Colonel Blenkinsop playing at?"

To say Kernahan was amazed is to put it mildly. His face must have expressed it.

"My dear chap," said the Captain, "he came up on his car and told me all this about twenty minutes ago—to attack Corton as soon as possible. Haven't you seen him?"

"No!" said Kernahan hotly.

"Oh, I thought you had. I see you are using his car!" The Captain departed without further parley.

"His car—the Colonel's car!" Kernahan almost shrieked as he sank back into the luxurious tonneau.

Thus Archibald Harris Kernahan remains a Trooper of the King's Own still!

GROOMING YOURSELF



SOME TIPS ON LOOKING AND FEELING FRESH.

If a man attends as closely to his person as he does to his horse, he will be all the better and happier for it.

If you keep a horse you will know that he is never at his best, no matter how carefully you feed him, unless you groom him properly. Being worth more to yourself than any horse, you ought to attend to yourself in the same way.

Talking of grooming horses leads us at once

to the brushing of a man's hair. Most men content themselves with dressing the hair in the morning and trusting to luck during the rest of the day, but the man who grooms himself carefully keeps a brush at the office and gives his head a rub with it when he goes out to lunch and before he leaves at night.

It is worth while to go in for this careful hair grooming, for a man with badly brushed hair never looks or feels his best.

Then as to the face. How many men ever wash their faces properly? Everybody does it in the regulation manner by an application of soap and a plentiful laving of water to wash that off, but occasionally the skin should be cleaned in the same way as a girl does it.

Fill a basin half-full of boiling water, hold your breath, put your face above the steam and put a towel over your head so that the steam is confined. You have to lift the towel occasionally for breath, but before very long your face is sweating and every pore is cleaned; this gives a fresh, healthy look to the face, because it removes every particle of hidden dirt.

The daily bath, or, at least, the daily sponge-down, is another necessity for the man who wants to be well-groomed. It cleans the whole surface of his body and makes him look as well as feel fresh.

The man who grooms himself properly never neglects his teeth. A sixpenny toothbrush and a tin of powder, or even a pennyworth of common whiting, plus five minutes each morning and evening, will do the trick, and no man looks his best if his teeth are not as clean as nature intended them to be.

Though the process of teeth-cleaning need occupy only a few moments of your time, it must nevertheless be done with care and in the proper manner.

In spite of brushing each morning, stains will occasionally appear upon your teeth, and they must be removed separately.

The end of a wooden match, or a wad of paper, dipped in a little powdered pumice-stone will take off any stain that is not imbedded in the enamel. Always be careful if using a rough dentifrice like this not to rub too hard. If you do that you will scratch the enamel, and decay will set in.

How often do you see a young fellow dressed in work-stained clothes, but looking the picture of health. If you were asked to describe your impression of him you would probably say that he was good-looking, but if you examine his features, it is more than likely that you would find them quite homely.

He gives you the impression of being good-looking because he is well-groomed in the sense in which I have been using the term. His clothes are rough and ill-shaped, but his body is clean, and therefore he looks healthy and pleasing to all who see him; often the grooming in his case is accidental, it is the sweating at his work that has cleaned him up. C. JONES.

THE IDEAL HOBBY.

FOR THE MAN WITH THE WANDERING SPIRIT.

The principal delight, and, though it seems a paradox, the great drawback, of most hobbies is that their interest is of a definitely limited character. However enthusiastic a man may be about any one subject, there are moments when, in taking a general survey of his handiwork, he is apt to think that the result is hardly worth all the trouble and expense he has given to it, and that in burying himself in one subject he has missed many opportunities of enjoyment in other directions.

The man whose hobby keeps him within doors is much more liable to this regret than the man whose passion leads him out of doors.

In some hobbies there is so much detail that the whole subject is never looked at squarely. The most enthusiastic hobby maniac more often than not "cannot see the wood for the trees," and when this happens, a hobby becomes a burden and not a pleasure.

The wider the circle of interests and the larger the number of subjects involved in its prosecution, the more likely is a hobby to be a satisfying occupation.

The first test of a good hobby is found in the question: Does it bring you into touch with nature?

An occupation that does not answer that question in the affirmative is not worth following.

I should like to tell you what I consider is the ideal hobby for a man who cannot afford to keep racehorses, or motor-cars, or his steam yacht, or run a farm for pleasure—all of which I count among the most attractive occupations for any man. In short, my hobby is one for the clerk, the tradesman and his assistant, the young man of every class who has to earn his living by a fairly constant application to work.

For the last fifteen years I have lived under the firm conviction that there is no place in the world like England; and each week-end, Easter, and summer holiday I set out on cycle or on foot to see as much of the beauties of my native land as possible.

I know no more attractive ambition than to see as much of this England of mine as is possible between my entrance into and my exit from our topsy-turvy world.

I make a point of visiting a fresh county every time I leave home for a holiday.

Not only do I visit new scenery at every opportunity, but I preserve photographs, taken by myself, of all those aspects that seem to me to be characteristic of the different counties I go to. By this means I have gathered an extraordinary amount of knowledge concerning England's infinite variety and loveliness, and carry about with me in my mind many pictures of life all over the Kingdom.

I never read the names of towns, villages, or counties in the newspapers without calling up in memory the setting in which these recorded facts have taken place, and such knowledge gives an unexpected pleasure to all my casual reading.

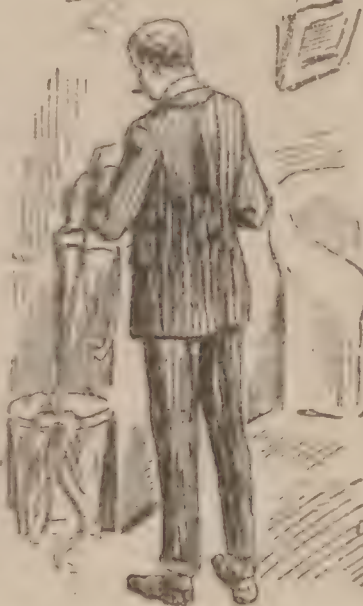
Perhaps the greatest pleasure I derive from this occupation is the arrangement of the photographs at home. Here, on the walls of three rooms, England in all its beauty, in all its variety of scenery, is set out before me. The arrangement of the photographs in series corresponding with the counties, enables me to take my holidays over again at any moment.

Looking at these photographs I feel the throbbing sun beating down as I wander across the wide East Anglian levels. I feel the thrill of my pulses as I toil up the steep hills of Yorkshire, and I feel a delicious sense of ease steal over me as I look at the series depicting the pastoral southern meadow land wherein I spent many lazy hours nearly a dozen years ago.

Such a hobby is of everlasting interest, but I have not yet covered half of England, and in years to come, when I shall have completed my pictorial survey of my native land, I shall possess a gallery whose charms will be incalculable.

J. PORTROUS CLAY.

the type-thing stamping the ribbon. The first letter was a B. I had lost, I thought. But no! It was merely Betting in Tattersall's.



and tried to read again. Minutes
there came the little whirring and buzz-
which precedes the clicking. Then, 'chuck-
a chuck, chuck' again. I flew over and watched

"Idea of a good drink? Thanks very much. Mine's a scotch and soda!" R. MATHEW.

Space fails, but a word as to stings—a subject of painfully acute interest to the tyro. You are bound to be stung, no matter what care you take, and when this happens press the sting out with thumbnail or the back of a knife, and apply a little strong ammonia. The novice may take this consolation to heart—the longer he keeps bees, the more impervious will he become to their stings. Also the more will he grow to love these industrious and fascinating little insects.

WHERE MEN FOREGATNER.

XII. THE RAILWAY STATION.

All stations lead to London. Come with me, then, to the up platform of a provincial railway station; put it where you like; it does not much matter, for the types of travellers are very similar, find you them at whatever point of the compass you will.

There is the young man going to London to seek, nay, to conquer fame and fortune. He wishes now that his family had not come to see him off.

He tries to keep a stiff upper lip, but it trembles beneath his budding moustache. There is a confounded lump in his throat; what an infernal time the train is in starting! For a moment he is tempted to snatch his things from the rack; to accept the humdrum position his father had offered him; but there is a banging of doors, a warning whistle from the guard.

Silently he wrings his father's hand, once more embraces his mother and sisters, then leaps into the carriage, only to turn and lean out of the window, smiling a trifle wanly, waving his hand and handkerchief to the last.

Then, be he alone, he has a quiet weep; if there are other passengers, he glares haughtily at them, and revenges himself on them for their impertinent curiosity by smoking a very large alleged cigar.

WHAT BECOMES OF HIM?

In either case, before half-an-hour has sped, gone are his mother's tear-stained face, the wise father's last words of counsel (only temporarily it is to be hoped), and his sister's clinging arms. Youth cannot look back. Soon he is lost in a maze of dreams of London, till the train ejects him at the great terminus.

He is a little disappointed that his arrival attracts no notice from the hurrying swarms in the station. He is a little amazed at the streams of men who sprint up and down the platform, so terribly precious are the flying seconds.

He is a familiar figure at London termini—the young man from the country. What becomes of him? Who knows? Perhaps he creeps back to the home nest, broken, spent, longing only for obscurity and death. Perhaps he returns in a blaze of glory, the railway officials, who now scan him half contemptuously, half pityingly, bowing low before him, reserved first-class carriage, and all the rest of it.

Or it may be, though I hope not, that years later you shall see him in shameful dress, walking with gyves upon his wrists, betwixt two stern-faced men—a convict, en route for one of His Majesty's prisons.

PROBABLY THIS!

Most probably, he becomes one of the sealed pattern busy-bees that swarm in big stations twice a day, and mayhap one evening as he sprints for his suburban train, the up express disgorges at his feet his counterpart as a boy, and for a fraction of a second he is back at the provincial station, mother, father, sisters around him. But only while you could wink an eyelid—he mustn't lose even a fraction of a second.

There are other more or less familiar railway station types. There is the fussy "old woman" in trousers, who asks every guard and porter in the place which is his train and then carefully gets into the wrong one. There is the important individual, who imagines he has bought the entire line because he is a third-cousin, forty-two times removed, of one of the directors. There is the easy-go-lucky sort of chap who enjoys cutting it fine and is never so happy as when he has to enter the moving train



head-first through the carriage window.

There is the sleek, shift-eyed man who cuts it fine for by no means respectable reasons, not so fine, however, but that the quiet, thick-set man in tweeds, who is apparently studying the contents of the bookstall, notes his movements, and, as the train steams out, with the fugitive panting in his seat, strolls leisurely in the direction of the telegraph office.

The arrival of the boat train is always interesting and sometimes amusing, if you are hard-hearted enough to enjoy the sight of greenly

pallid fellow-creatures not yet recovered of sea-sickness.

THE BRITON ABROAD.

Apart from that the Briton going on or returning from his travels is generally mirth-provoking. He wears such funny clothes. Pater-familias, who would no more dream of being seen in London save in black coat and top hat than he would of walking down Lombard Street in his pyjamas, will cheerfully attire himself for Continental travel in a costume suggestive that he is something of an Italian brigand, rather more of a Highland gillie, with a strong dash of split-trousered mechanic thrown in. We must admit that foreigners are just as bad when they come to this country, and wear clothes that would get them mobbed in their own domains across the water.

Then there are the Americans, so anxious to let you know that they could put six Victoria Stations inside the "deeps" at Swankersville and never know they were there. Besides, there is always the chance of their dining at the station restaurant, where you can follow them, and have a cheap evening's entertainment listening to them eating soup.

Journeys end, they say, in lovers' meetings, and they also begin with them, and the railway station is the stage for many tender scenes. There they are on the departure platform, he, young, vigorous, hopeful, she, timid, clinging, yet through her tears proud that he should think her worthy to go away and fight for. Only a few short years, he assures her, and then—

THE RETURN.

Well, may it be so! May each keep faith unbroken, and when they meet again at the railway station may there be no disillusionment! When he springs from the carriage as the long train steams in, may he not find that the winsome girl of his boyish romance is a worn, colourless, unattractive woman; she that the young "Greek god" of her maiden dreams is hard, lined, grey, and unhealthy.

The railway station at holiday time; familiar enough, an inferno, though an ordered inferno, of perspiring, sheep-like humanity, over-driven porters, rattling trucks, shrieking engines—and children.

The railway station on a big race-day is another well-known scene, but if you watch it closely you may derive some quiet amusement.

Then there is the railway station when a regiment is entraining for abroad—half gay, half mournful scene, haunted by the strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me"; and there is the railway station again when after long years the same regiment returns and detrains. More joyous this scene, yet sad—old faces are missing, old landmarks gone, men look in vain for loved ones, and feel themselves strangers in a strange land.

But to me, the railway station always conjures up a young man leaving the home nest, and setting forth to do or die.

PETER GILCHRIST.

STREET PESTS.

SOME PEOPLE WE COULD DO WITHOUT.

You know him; the idiot who flourishes stick or umbrella in a busy street, swinging it around to the imminent danger of the passer-by.

A whole chapter, indeed, might be written on the management of your stick or umbrella in public. There is the lunatic who carries it like a lance, or stands gazing in at a shop-window with a yard or so of stick protruding from beneath his arm.

An intolerable nuisance, too, is the man who carries his open umbrella at such a height that the points will catch the faces of those who lean over the counters; while the inconsiderate blunderer on a rainy day charges blindly along with his umbrella held down in front of his face should it be taken and hanged from the nearest lamp-post.

If you must carry a stick, use it as a walking stick, and not as a sort of yard-arm.

Another street pest is the saunterer in particularly busy thoroughfares. He is very prevalent in Fleet Street, especially about lunch time. He may be well-dressed, or of the rum-and-rags type. He saunters or ambles along and in some mysterious way he contrives to take up the whole of the pavement.

You are in a hurry and you try to pass on his right hand, and he immediately veers to the right. As you don't want to dance in the gutter you try round the other side, and straightway he bends to the left.

The saunterer is a nuisance, but so is the man who is in too much of a hurry. He hurries along, generally on the wrong side of the pavement, heedless of those who are legitimately in his way, pushing, charging, and cannoning other pedestrians.

Frequently this hurrying attitude is adopted to give the impression that one is leading a strenuous life.

Another irritating ass is the man who stops as if shot, because he suddenly remembers something.

A man never at any time looks well who walks with his hands in his pockets, and when he does so in the street he is not only aesthetically ugly, but a confounded nuisance.

I remember a lesson I once had on this point. I was taking a stroll along Piccadilly, wearing an overcoat; had neither stick nor umbrella, and kept my hands in my pockets for the course of a few yards. I must have hurried into at least half-a-dozen people.

At first, I thought it was their fault; I condemned them for an ill-mannered lot, but then it dawned upon me that I was the real culprit; owing to my hands being in my pockets my elbows were sticking out on either side, and I was taking up far more of the pavement than I had any right to.

I know that without a stick or umbrella one often seems to be all hands, but it is better to feel that way than to incommode others by walking hands in pocket in busy streets.

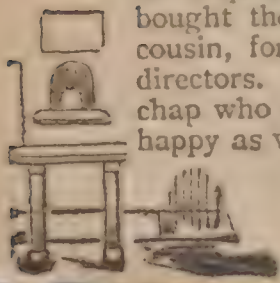
People who congregate in knots on the pavement deserve to be shot. Of course, nature meets two or three friends it is only natural to stop to pass the time of day, but you might at least draw to the wall or go down a side street, and not, as many men do, stand and block up the whole pavement.

Then there is the selfish brute who on a windy day smokes a loosely filled pipe without a cover. I know a pipe-cover looks rather unsightly, but if you won't use one, then don't smoke out your smoke rather than endanger the sight of your fellows.

Very real street pests are men who lighted matches, or cigarettes, or who throw pipes from the tops of buses.

Finally, there is the cad who insolently loitering at, ogling, or actively insulting women. When I come across a street full of bounders, I fear I become a street sweeper myself. I walk just past him and then suddenly I round so that my bent elbow comes into contact with the middle of his waistcoat.

F. M. HARRIS.



The Spirit of Sport.



THE THING THAT MAKES A MAN LIKED BY HIS FELLOW MEN. The paradox of sport is that it separates all men and it binds all men together. In whatever direction the sportsman's tastes lead, the fact that he is a sportsman will secure him entry into the company and interests of all sportsmen. There is a freemasonry of sport that overrides distinctions of class and wealth. It is a common meeting ground for all men who realise in each other the spirit that proclaims the real sportsman. In this way it is that sport binds men together. On the other side of the paradox is equally interesting. Sport separates men in a variety of ways. It is astonishing to notice how each branch of sport has gathered round it a distinctive atmosphere. The atmosphere surrounding the football enthusiast is as unlike the atmosphere of the tennis player's outlook as chalk is unlike cheese, or as wine is unlike cold tea. **SPORTSMEN ARE NEVER BORES.** The truth is that different kinds of sport call for the expression of different feelings, over and over again, the feeling of rivalry and fair play hardly any sport makes a man a bore or an enemy of a companion, even when he talks in terms of a game of which his listener cares nothing; for in such a case there is the spirit into the conversation just enough to deal with an interest. It is interesting to study the expression of the spirit of sport as it shows itself in the various classes of sportsmen. It will be seen how remarkably the most commonplace of men are redeemed from dullness by their love of sport. Sport, indeed, is the great humaniser. The racing man, to begin with, can be coarse and rough and slangy and bibulous enough when he likes, but his keen interest in the horses and the chances and the excitement of betting save him from being the possessor of deep-rooted man feelings. He is not an outcast from the family. **NOTES OF POPULAR GAMES.** The cricketer is renowned for his modesty and unassumingness, and is usually a delightful companion full of sympathies. Opposite to him in the expression of the joy of sport is the footballer. He moves over the field in teams, like a whirlwind. His loud and his clashing arguments, his gibes and his enthusiasm can be quite annoying, but with it all is genial and seldom takes any. The tennis player may give himself airs at a dandy party and think himself something of a dandy with the ladies, but put him into the net with a keen partner and two smart opposites, and he will show you what keenness and what mean, and what unselfish play can accomplish.

The genial old colonel may lose his temper at a bad stroke at croquet; but his volleys of language, when he thinks the ladies are out of hearing, are intended for his own stupidity and not for the more expert or fortunate player. And afterwards he tells the story of his failure quite truthfully.

The fisherman may stand taciturn and silent all day long about the river's banks, suggesting a moodiness and general lack of the social instinct. It is merely his keenness and his complete abandonment to the sport in hand. Catch him at night in his inn, and he will prove a boon companion.

THE FREEMASONRY OF SPORT.

The shooting man's disdain for the bungler is tempered with a generous willingness to help the beginner to a true appreciation of the delights—and the dangers—of a gun.

One cyclist will swish past another with a kind of "catch me if you can" taunt in his back wheel, and a look of superiority to casual company that is not always pleasing. But let him overtake a fellow wheeler in distress, with puncture, broken lamp, or any other slight or serious mishap, and no kindness is too much for him to undertake. His sporting instinct rises above all else.

The boating man, displaying well-shaped arms to secretly admiring river girls, will spoil his spic and span get-up to rescue even a dog in danger of going under.

In short there are many sportsmen who convey impressions that are not at the first glance attractive to a stranger. Yet no man can find pleasure in sport of any kind who has not in him that fellow feeling that makes us wondrous kind.

G. B. PLAYER.

CRIMINALS IN A MOMENT.

The average respectable citizen regards the professional criminal with some pity and a good deal of contempt; he forgets that there is the making of a criminal in most of us, all that is lacking being the opportunity.

In City-Road, London, the axle of a milk van broke some time ago. The driver took down the cans from the derelict vehicle, and set them on the edge of the pavement; then he started off to find another van.

As soon as his back was turned, men, women and children flocked from the neighbouring houses with cans and jugs and helped themselves to the unguarded milk. When the carman returned with another vehicle, there was not a drop left.

Yet these people did not belong to the criminal classes, and they would have resented it very much had anyone said they were thieves.

Even those who are better off than the folks of the City-Road are not above seizing a chance when it is offered.

On one occasion the electric light failed in Oxford-Street, and the fashionable drapers' shops were plunged in darkness. It was about half-past five, so that the customers were of the leisured classes and not workers. The shopkeepers procured candles or lit the gas almost at once, but during the few moments of darkness thousands of pounds worth of goods were stolen by the respectable shoppers.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

You can make money by selling at a fair price those things which are no longer useful to you—sporting appliances, clothes, and so forth.

The difficulty hitherto has been to find a customer. This trouble is easily overcome if you advertise in our Readers' Sale and Exchange columns, on page 3 of cover. Other advertisers have been more than satisfied; you will be satisfied also.

TRAINING A MAN.

A PLEASANT TASK FOR THE OLD HAND.

The athlete, when his course is run, and it is no longer possible for him to enjoy his favourite sport in person, experiences some of the sensations of the old war horse who scents the battle from afar, or the hunter who hears the hounds in full cry and can no longer follow.

Yet he has this advantage, that he can fight his battles over again by watching and taking an interest in the performances of younger men.

When your time comes to be laid on the shelf, the spirit is usually willing to go on, but the flesh is weak, and there are very few games or sports at which the athlete can continue after the age of forty.

Let him then offer his services as trainer to some club or even to some younger friend, who will be only too glad of his help and advice. The good trainer half trains himself with his man, he will accompany him on his early morning runs or walks, will pace him in sprints across country, will have the gloves on with him, or cycle on the tow-path as the other rows, and in doing so will experience again many of the joys of his past athletic career.

Most youngsters who are going in for some athletic contest, will be only too glad of someone to keep them up to the mark. Training for any form of sport requires an amount of self-control and self-sacrifice that it takes years to acquire. If the young competitor is fortunate enough to get the services of an experienced athlete, he will have someone to haul him out of bed in the morning, someone to drive him out for his before-breakfast run, someone to give him advice as to the requisite amount of sleep, exercise and diet, of which he will probably himself be ignorant.

You do not need to be an expert yourself in order to be of use in training someone else. Even if you are fully aware that your man knows more about the sport than you do, you need not refuse his request that you should take him in hand.

Training is largely a matter of common-sense, and it is a case where two heads are better than one.

The athlete wants someone to keep an eye on him, to clock his performances, perhaps to pace him, to rub him down, and to keep him up to the regular mode of life that is so necessary if he is to keep fit.

I have trained many men in my time, and that in more than one branch of sport, and I think I have enjoyed each spell of training more than the last.

When the great day arrives I am always a good deal more nervous and excited than the fellow I have put into the field, and yet I am an old hand, accustomed to such contests, having myself in past years gone in and won without a trace of nervousness, and now I am only an onlooker.

I have trained whole crews for eight-oar races—no easy matter, for you have eight men to keep straight and in sound condition, and above all to keep in good temper, for there is no surer sign of staleness than the beginning of grouching at each other, the cox, the coach and the world in general.

Then when the race came, I have had to be content with running on the bank or even watching the boats flash by me, sometimes seeing that my crew wanted but a few more ounces of drive to get well home. I have longed sometimes to jump into the river and shove them up, or to get hold of stroke's oar and show them how to move. They were doing their best, but it never seemed enough, and I was so powerless to help.

But it was all sheer joy, the lust of battle glowed again within me, the excitement of the contest stirred my pulses, it was the next best thing to being back in the boat. And the moment when my crew passed the post first—well, it was worth all the trouble and a good deal more.

C. A. BUCHELL.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN G. ROWE.

Sir George Wishart walked quietly out of his club.

"Waterloo, at your best speed, Simpson," he ordered, as he stepped into the waiting motor-car.

The great financier lolled back upon the magnificent cushions and puffed calmly at his cigar, as the chauffeur steered his way swiftly through the London traffic. But under that placid exterior, Sir George was a prey to the most perturbing emotions.

He had misappropriated funds entrusted to his care, and the rightful owners were demanding an account of his stewardship.

Into Waterloo he was whirled just in time to catch the last train to Southampton that night, the 9.50.

The run to Southampton occupied a little over two hours, but for all his apparent enjoyment of his ease and cigars, the time dragged by heavily.

On reaching his destination he peered anxiously along the platform. There were no ominous-looking individuals lounging about, and his quick eye rested hopefully on a dapper little man in a smart yachting uniform. Before Sir George could step out of the compartment, the dapper yachtsman was at the door.

"You're well up to time, Sir George," said he, touching his cap. "Any luggage?"

"Only this bag," said the financier.

They went down to the quay and boarded a trim motor-launch.

"Have a cigar, Sloan?"

"Thank you very much, Sir George."

Sloan started the launch, and they slipped away from the quay.

A large steam yacht lay a little way out, and towards her they headed.

Sir George cast an occasional glance behind and around as they thudded through the choppy water.

His gaze became suddenly fixed in a certain direction astern.

"Full speed, Sloan," he said. "You're positively crawling."

It was the police in pursuit, right enough. They had caught the alarm, but a little too late.

Sloan made the little craft fairly tear through the waves, and within the next few minutes the launch was alongside the yacht, and Captain Smiler was greeting his employer.

"Give her her head, Smiler! Right away for Land's End."

The police-boat, toiling on doggedly but afar off, signalled desperately as the yacht got under way, but they took no notice.

The yacht steamed down the Solent, its captain, passenger, and crew deaf and blind to the frantic signals of the police-cutter.

Sir George and the skipper had supper together in the saloon; then they lit their cigars over fresh cups of coffee.

The weather was all that could be desired for yachting, and, rounding Land's End, Smiler carried out the financier's orders and cruised about the bight of the Bristol Channel—stood on and off the Cornish shore all day, yet kept clear of in-going and out-going vessels.

Night closed in dark and misty. Wishart rubbed his hands.

"Stand in now for Land's End, Smiler," he directed, "and douse all lights aboard."

"Sir George!"

"You heard me all right, Smiler. Cover up all lights—don't let one show, aloft or alow. You understand me?"

"Perfectly, sir."

In great mystification, nevertheless, Captain Smiler saw his employer's order obeyed; and, without a light upon her, except that in the binnacle, the yacht stole in, like a phantom of the night, through the mist and darkness towards the Cornish coast.

"Yonder is Land's End, Sir George. What am I to do now?"

THE RUSE OF THE CABLE



"Steer a north-east course. Don't hug the shore exactly. Keep well away from it, so that we won't be seen by the coastguard. And—just tow a couple of grapnels overboard."

"Grapnels, Sir George?"

"Yes. I said grapnels, Captain Smiler."

The mystified skipper carried out this order, too, and the yacht cruised slowly along the north coast of Cornwall, with two many-fluked grapnels creeping at the bottom of the sea.

Captain Smiler then approached the financier.

"What's the game, Sir George?" he asked in a low but decided tone.

"Haven't you fumbled to it?"

"Not quite. I know the police are after you—that you are wanted on a fresh charge. You got off one trial but you evidently don't care to face the music this time. You're playing some deep game with all this, and I want to know what it is."

Sir George threw away his cigar.

"I'll be candid with you, Smiler," he said.

"I'm on the high seas, and those who want me know it, and have, undoubtedly, cabled every port I'm likely to put into. If I can only get through New York, I'll be safe. How am I to do that? My intention is simply to lift the cable hereabouts and telegraph to New York that the previous message was an error; that Sir George Wishart has not left England and has been arrested."

"Sir George, you're a genius; and, hang me, if I don't see you through this!"

The two shook hands and continued the conversation in subdued whispers.

All at once there was an interruption. The yacht, steaming at dead slow, stopped with a jerk. Her head swung round to port.

"We've hooked it! Come along!" exclaimed the financier, excitement for the first time breaking through his mask of calm.

A few minutes after, to the garrulous chatter of the steam-winch, the cable was hove up on deck. Then a large plain wood packing-case was hurriedly pulled forward and knocked to pieces.

The curious eyes of the crew beheld a set of strange-looking mechanical instruments.

Sir George leisurely divested himself of his coat and cap, and made a short, but evidently expert, examination of the apparatus.

"Cut the cable," he ordered.

The crew stood ready.

"The English end first!" said Wishart; and he himself deftly and swiftly coupled on the instrument to the cable-end on the shore side.

Seating himself in front of the transmitter he telegraphed the one word "Wait."

Hurriedly he uncoupled the cable-end from the machine.

minerals fixed on to it. A low burr at once proceeded from the instrument.

"A message is coming through from New York. It's all right," explained Sir George. "The operator is asking what's wrong at the end—did we get the whole of the last message?"

He began to work the transmitter. "I've told them it's all right—that we received the message. Now for mine!" And he despatched it.

The two lengths of cable were joined together again; and, properly insulated, it was dropped back into the water, when the yacht turned back on Cornwall and stood away, at the speed of her engines, for New York.

Into New York harbour they boldly put, satisfied their ruse of tapping the cable had worked. Much to Wishart's consternation, however, they had no sooner dropped anchor than a police boat came alongside.

"Sir George Wishart?" asked the officer who stepped aboard.

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"On behalf of the President of the United States, I arrest you, Sir George Wishart, for a tradition to England."

"What do you mean?"

"You were a little too sharp, Sir George. A little too premature, as a matter of fact. You'd only been five minutes later with your cablegram of yours, you might have been minutes before the British Government's."

"Please arrest Sir George Wishart on his way to New York. He is on yacht, the 'Kestrel'. Beware any false message over cable, as we have discovered he purchased set of telegraph instruments and had them sent aboard yacht a few days ago."

DON'T BITE THEM.

When a person hands you a counterfeit coin you have nothing to do with how it came into his possession; your one consideration is to cover its worthlessness in time, and so save yourself the loss that would otherwise be yours. It is quite out-of-date, for the modern coin is almost invariably makes his production so good they can neither be bent nor penetrated by the teeth. The simplest test is to ring the coin on a hard surface, but though this will reveal the work of a primitive coiner it is wholly inefficient to betray that of an expert.

The scientific way of testing a coin is to pare the diameter, thickness and weight of that of a genuine coin of the same metal. Counterfeiters can make a shilling exactly the same weight as a genuine shilling, but to make this they require to make it a trifle thicker or a little broader than it should be.

The new type of florin is thicker than the old, but the diameter is less; a favourite trick of the coiner is to make a florin of the new impression and thickness, but of the old, and larger, size. When you see a large-sized florin bearing the King's head, therefore, you will be wise to submit it to the test before accepting it.

The ability to recognise counterfeit coins is an essential part of the equipment of many workers. Bus conductors, tramcar guards and many cashiers have the face value of all bad money deducted from their earnings.

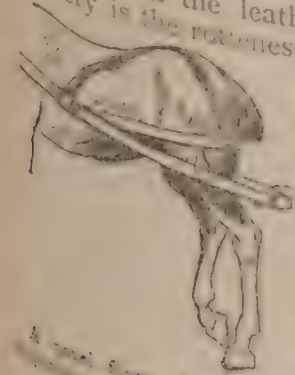
Railway booking-clerks and assistants in banks are generally expert in the matter of bad money. If one of these men were blindfolded and a coin thrown down in front of him, he could generally tell you by the ring of it not only whether it was genuine but also the exact value of it.

The ability to do this comes, of course, only with long practice, but it is a great timesaver, where much money is taken and there is no time to examine it closely.

SOME REMARKS ON THE
"CLOTHES" OF MAN'S BEST
FRIEND.

HORSE TACKLE

It doesn't matter what you pay for your horse, you can't make him look well unless his straps are good. What is of even greater importance, you won't be safe unless every inch of leather is sound and every buckle in good working order. You don't need to go in for elaborate silver mountings or fal-lals of that kind, but to try to economise on the leather of your harness or saddlery is the rottenest sort of folly.



Harness should be light, but at the same time strong, and after it has been in use some time it should frequently be tested, particularly the reins.

You may survive the breaking of a trace or breeching, but if the reins go, there is every probability of big trouble ahead.

You should also look from time to time beneath the buckles, for it is there that the leather is most likely to be worn through, and if you find a defect it should be put right at once. The collar is most important, and you can take too much trouble in securing one.

There have not been many new inventions in harness, but the one shown in the first illustration is hard to beat.

The great feature of it is that the disposition of the cross lein straps enables them to take the strain in reining back, thus relieving the collar at the top of the collar and saving the horse's forelegs.

I may add that this breech harness has been adopted by the Government for Army use, more particularly for transport and gun teams.

BEARING REINS. Should you use bearing reins? In single harness perhaps not, but in double harness they keep the horses' heads at the same level, besides relieving the driver's arms to a great extent if the horses are inclined to be pullers.

The question of blinkers, however, is more debatable. On the whole there is neither rhyme nor reason in them, except with a very nervous horse, and such an animal is no use for driving. You don't use blinkers for riding; why should you for driving?

There appears to be little excuse for blinkers apart from that offered by custom. As they do not in any way inconvenience the horse, however, there is small need to protest against them.

On the score of their uselessness, it is an excellent plan to have a hand parts double and a zigzag fashion. This is rather ornamental than otherwise, and it gives you a tremendous grip on the reins, and the possibility of your hands slipping. It is a thing worth securing.

What kind of a riding saddle should you go in for?

Well, it all depends on the style of riding you are likely to pursue and where.

If you want a saddle for ordinary riding, the question to be decided is, shall you have a questionably the plain flap saddle looks better and smarter than one with rolls. On the other hand, knee rolls mean comfort and security for the indifferent horseman.

Colonial use prominent rolls, but then there is a wide difference between the long rides over country habitually taken by Colonial riders, and the short excursions on the flat

of the average English rider.

Steeplechase and flat-race riders generally use knee rolls; hunting men and polo players, on the other hand, do not. For the average equestrian they are generally unnecessary. At the same time, they do make for ease, though not for elegance.

A standing martingale you must have if your horse throws its head about, though a sliding one with rings on the reins, is sometimes used, and is in many cases equally effective while it has the distinct advantage of causing your horse less discomfort than the other sort.

While looking after the comfort of his mount, however, the horseman must not forget his own, neither must he neglect his safety.

STIRRUP ATTACHMENTS.

Contributing largely to the latter is the style of his stirrup attachments.

You still find the old-fashioned kind of saddle on which the stirrup leathers are fixed permanently by means of an iron arrangement something like a ring that has been flattened and bent into a sort of square shape. To ride with such contrivances is to court disaster.

The best horse is capable of lapses from rectitude, and even you, skilful as you may be in the saddle, may make some error and come a cropper.

Then woe betide you if you have been so far left to yourself as to ride with a stirrup attachment of the old-fashioned kind! You will inevitably be dragged, and that feet uppermost; the rest we must leave to the coroner.

Protect yourself by using safety saddle irons; they are of various kinds, but one of the simplest is that illustrated on this page, where the stirrup leather, as soon as it is wrenched by the foot of a fallen rider, jerks aside the metal catch, shown at the right-hand side of the sketch, and comes out.

Well-made and scientific as most of these contrivances are, however, in a matter of this kind it is well to make assurance doubly sure, for your life in the case of a throw may depend upon it.

Therefore supplement the safety saddle irons by using also safety stirrups.

There have been invented many kinds, but the oldest and one of the most efficient is that illustrated. As can readily be understood from the sketch, the stirrup is like all other stirrups while the foot is pressing down upon it, but as soon as there is the slightest pressure sideways—as there will be in the event of a fall—the stirrup falls apart and immediately releases the rider's foot.

KICKING STRAPS.

If you are the possessor of a kicker you may be interested in the next illustration which shows an ingenious combination of breeching and kicking strap.

It is perfectly serviceable as a breeching and you can negotiate the steepest hill when using it, and at the same time it makes kicking—at least of the sort that does damage—impossible.

Probably more accidents have happened from girths breaking or slipping than from any other cause. Of course, if a girth breaks you have usually yourself to thank for buying a rotten article, or not testing it frequently. But often the slip is the horse's fault. Many horses have an annoying trick of deliberately swelling themselves out when being girthed. As a horse cannot hold its wind for ever, the obvious plan is to wait until he subsides and then girth him up good and hard.

There is, however, not only the chance of the

girth breaking or slipping, but of its rubbing the horse, and so attention to girths and girthing is very necessary both for your own comfort and that of your steed.

Opinions differ widely about girths, but personally I pin my faith to the girth made of raw hide, in five or six small strands.

It is easy to clean, as all you have to do is to stick it in a pail of water to get the mud off, afterwards wiping it dry; it wears for ever, and, though it may not be so smart-looking as girths of white, brown or blue webbing, unlike these, it never breaks. At least, that is the fruit of a fairly lengthy experience.

The question naturally arises in the case of a horse that you keep simply for pleasure, whether or not you should have the harness brown or black.

It depends upon the colour of the horse.

To rig up a dark-brown or a black horse with brown harness, would not produce a pleasing effect, neither does it look well to have black harness on a white horse or on a chestnut.

At the same time you must remember that the keeping of brown harness is a good deal more troublesome than looking after black, and you have to exercise the utmost care to see that the leather becomes equally dark all over, instead of getting, as it naturally tends to do, patchy and marked here and there with sweat and traces of mud.

In spite of this, however, brown harness always looks smart, especially when the fittings are of brass and well polished.

This leads me to a consideration of what one ought to pay for harness. Personally I should say as much, within reason, as you can afford.

SPOILING HIS LOOKS.

You must remember that the harness is to the horse what clothes are to yourself, and if the horse is badly furnished, he can never be expected to look his best.

This you may observe for yourself at any time in our streets.

Often you will see a very fine horse in a tradesman's cart. He has managed, perhaps, to pick it up cheaply, and he is proud in its possession, but he spoils the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar—he makes the horse look a very ordinary sort of screw by forgetting to furnish it with good-looking harness.

I do not suggest for a moment that the average tradesman neglects his horse; on the contrary, I have seen many business turn-outs very much smarter, and very much better kept, than those used for private purposes.

Pay a good price for your harness and keep it well, for there is no use in buying or having a good horse unless you are going to turn him out so that he looks his value.

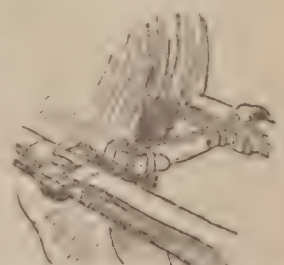
By choosing for a horse harness which is not necessarily expensive, but which is well finished, and above all, which fits him well, and suits him, you can often make a very great improvement in his appearance, even if he is not particularly handsome in himself.

Some horses are scarcely recognisable when they are in their working attire to one who only knows them unadorned.

The tackle that suits one horse will not suit another, and head-stall and collar should be chosen with a view to the appearance as well as the fitting of the horse.

If you want to see harness thoroughly well kept, curious as it may seem, some of the London dust-carts are hard to beat.

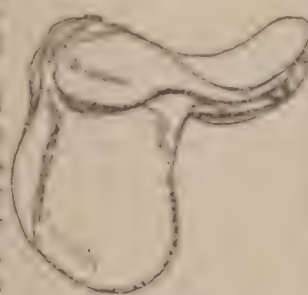
W. IRONSIDE.



A combination of kicking strap and breeching, equally good for both purposes.



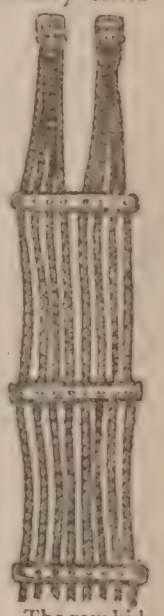
A simple and effective form of stirrup leather attachment.



A typical Colonial saddle, showing the prominent knee rolls favoured in Britain overseas.



One of the oldest and best sorts of safety stirrup.



The raw hide girth, which is easy to clean, not liable to slip and lasts indefinitely.

THE GARDENER.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

There is an undeniable attraction about all gardeners. They carry with them a glamour that is found to cling round no other class of toiler to the same extent.

It is not only that their work means constant co-operation with earth and nature, for farmers, too, live ever in the same communion, and of them it can scarcely be affirmed that they share the mysterious interest that surrounds the gardener, though their lives inevitably create in them a mental and physical outlook and bearing that are quite distinctive and attractive of their kind. But with the gardener there goes a more elusive atmosphere in which not only mystery, but quiet confidence and great contentment seem to have a part.

His life is free from all the irritating perplexities of commercial and industrial strife.

He bears himself as one to whom the eternal truths of Nature have been delivered in the course of long and uninterrupted co-operation with forces that hardly come within the philosophies of less fortunately placed workers.

He is usually a man neither young nor old, filling a place in the terrestrial scheme for which he has been fitted by immemorial predestination.

Always he is healthy, and from his person there seems to radiate a silent and invigorating strength, which is infinitely more pleasing than mere mental alertness, a quality that has now been so cheapened as to be hardly worth possessing.

His blue eyes have a patient, quiet look of certainty, his bushy beard accords well with all the herbs and shrubs he loves so much; seldom he speaks, and he moves about without the faintest trace of hurry or indifference.

He is seldom tall, and often has a captivating stoop, derived from frequent bowing to the plants and earth, and from his shoulders hangs the aged and entirely picturesque old coat, grown soft and green from long exposure.

His hands are big and brown, and kindly in their shape and movements, not sharp or angular or cunning, but such hands as well might guide and nurture tender plants and bring them to a rich fruition and perfection.

In the common phrase he is "redolent of the earth," and as he tends the newly bedded plants, one sees the perfect understanding that exists between him and his floral family.

He inspires respect. The clash of party politics, the gossip of the village, the quarrels of its factions, and the jealousies of its families, rage around him without drawing him into their whirlpools of dispute. He knows more lasting pleasures, and has learned direct from nature many truths that show him the futility of much that other people set their hearts upon.

Week in and week out, from morn till eve, he watches and avails himself of all the changing phases of the season, and each in turn has done its part in moulding his serene and silent character.

Who knows what meditations he indulges in throughout the long days alone amongst his flowers, his fruits and his vegetables.

He seems at times a melancholy man, and well he may who sees as the years pass the truth contained in Omar's famous line, "The flower that once has blown for ever dies." And yet, so balanced is his nature, that he ever recollects with hopeful pleasure that within the earth there lie incalculable stores of energy, and as he handles lovingly the seeds of infinitely varied shape and size and colour—fascinating little germs—and drops them confidently in the smooth and crumbled earth, his thoughts leap forward to the time of their fruition and his cheerfulness revives.

He has a shrewd and rugged mind that values men and things by standards that are constantly corrected and toned up by contact with all natural elements—the earth, the sky, the winds and rains, and heat and cold. And in his judgment he is seldom altogether wrong.

R. A. RATCLIFFE.

MY NOTEBOOK.

GLAMOUR OF JOURNALISM. It would appear from the letters I receive that the profession or trade of journalism has a strange fascination for many whose only acquaintance with the business is their perusal of its products.

I have always hesitated to speak of editorial matters lest you should accuse me of talking dull shop, but I am tempted this week to say a little on the subject; what chiefly prompts me is a letter from a sub-editor employed by one of the big journalistic trusts. He asks me with boyish frankness how I obtain my results. I do not know whether he really expected me to tell him, but I am going to do so.

EDITORIAL SECRETS.

Let me begin by recounting a little incident that happened in the course of the day's work. The other day a firm rang me up on the telephone and asked whether, as a great favour, I would give them the name and address of one of my artists, as they greatly admired the sketches appearing in this paper and were desirous of securing some similar ones.

They considered that I should be doing something quite out of the way in letting them know who worked for me. That was because they did not know my methods.

I explained to them that I used the work of some eight different artists, that one man drew most of my horse sketches, that another did those where action was the chief interest, that a third did those where the expression of a face counted for everything, and so forth; I found out from them the nature of the work they wanted done, and at once put them into communication with the artist who could do this best for them.

I have worked on these open lines throughout, making no secret as to the identity of my contributors and being only too happy to be the means of bringing them further business.

WHAT CONTRIBUTORS HAVE TO FACE.

In this, as in many of my other methods, I differ from the majority of editors.

What success I have attained has been due largely to working upon unconventional lines, and I imagine that my contributors find my treatment of them considerably more pleasant than that which they receive in most publishing houses.

"Got any ideas, Mr. Blank? No. Then you might come back and see me when you've got some. I'm busy." Such is the customary greeting which contributors receive from an editor, but it is not the one which they get from me.

I do not want you to think that I am particularly tender-hearted or that I am unusually considerate of the feelings of contributors. It is not that which makes me treat them civilly; it is because by my methods I can get better work out of them.

WHERE I GET MY ARTICLES AND STORIES.

Much of the matter appearing in *The Modern Man* is purchased from absolute strangers who submit it for consideration in the ordinary way, but a considerable portion is the commissioned work of men whose talents I know exactly.

Some are excellent in treating what might be called nature studies, others excel in criticism of matters of current interest, still others are specialists in particular branches of sport.

They are what I might call my regular contributors, and they come to see me periodically.

I keep a notebook in which I jot down the ideas that come to me at different moments, and when one of my regular contributors pays me a visit I trot out this book and see whether I have noted anything in his line.

Sometimes he suggests ideas to me, but as often as not I supply him with them. I give them to him because I consider that he is the best man for dealing with this particular subject; I discuss the article or the story with him

in detail, and he has it mentally completed before he leaves me.

You may think me a bit of an ass to indicate my methods in this manner, and I daresay that this paragraph is being read with more than passing interest by the editors of most other weekly papers; but though I am showing my hand, I am not damaging my interests.

I invite them to pursue the same methods if they like; the only trouble they will find, perhaps, will be in getting the ideas with which to prompt the contributors. For my part I secure these ideas during my leisure, which is not so quite in the manner of the average journalist. Perhaps equally serviceable ideas are to be had by less strenuous methods, but for my own part I have not been able to find them so.

MY STAFF.

In yet another respect my methods differ essentially from the usual. I treat my staff with all courtesy, which my own personal experience has shown me is not the custom in the majority of editorial offices.

I know how much my staff are doing for me, and I do not see why I should not let them appreciate the fact that the success of the paper is as much due to them as to me.

I like to regard this office as a sort of Colonel Mess, where all are on terms of perfect equality, but where the colonel's authority is absolute when there is occasion for his deciding a point. I am half-fellow-well-met with all my staff, and it is only when some question of policy arises or when some important decision has to be made that I ever have to exercise my authority. Exercise it in the ordinary way of bossing around and fussing, I never do. I find it quite unnecessary, because I would not employ one who required treatment of that kind; I am an editor, and not a slave-driver. My staff and I are the best of friends, and the work is done all the more pleasantly and efficiently because it is so.

I am giving these little tips to my fellow editors because I should like to see a change in these matters in the average editorial office. It would be more pleasant for everyone concerned.

A TERRITORIAL DIFFICULTY.

As you know, I have an absolute monopoly in the matter of joining the Territorials, and I am glad to see that the Territorial units, which I specially recommended, are now in most of our big towns absolutely filled up. My only regret is that so many would-be recruits have to be turned away.

Almost daily I have letters from readers who are eating their hearts out with disappointment because they cannot find a vacancy in a Territorial unit, and I feel genuinely sorry for them.

Now for my suggestion. While the mounted units in most of our towns have reached their full strength, there is a shortage when you take the Force as a whole. Why, therefore, should not the authorities cut down the number allotted to these districts which cannot raise their full complement of Territorials, and correspondingly increase the number of Territorials in those centres where there are many applicants waiting for admission?

I am well aware of the fact that we should have to overcome many difficulties of organization in making this change, but I think these could be met successfully.

It is worth making an effort to enable the country to benefit by the services of those eager to join.

In some districts there would be a large number of Territorials in proportion to the population, but that would not matter, for in the event of invasion the Territorials would be concentrated at the danger spots, irrespective altogether of where its units come from at any rate within each command.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.



THE MODERN MAN.

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THE OTHER MAN'S HAT



of. But suppose the lady had missed her purse immediately after putting it in his pocket, and had accused him of having stolen it, and a policeman had been called and had searched him!

Beads of perspiration broke out all over him at the thought, and he cast a scared, alarmed look over his shoulder, as though he expected to find the good lady who owned the purse behind him, in company with a blue-coated guardian of the peace, about to give him in charge for picking her pocket.

Hurriedly and guiltily he thrust the purse back into his pocket.

On second thoughts, he pulled it out again and was on the point of throwing it away, or rather quietly dropping it on the pavement; when,

on third thoughts, he paused.

"Someone might see me drop it. It would look horribly suspicious. Besides, it isn't mine to throw away; and—and the first person who saw it would pick it up, and—possibly keep it. I suppose I ought to take it to the police and explain matters."

But would his story be believed?

What was he to do? This was a danger of London he had not been warned against—one that could not be guarded against—to have ladies' purses thrust into your pocket by their rightful owners, so that you ran the risk of being arrested as a pickpocket.

A 'bus drew up to the kerb near, and set down an old gentleman. That 'bus suggested a way of escape from any blackmailer that might be hovering near.

He waved his stick wildly as the 'bus was driving off again, and, tearing after it as if all the fiends in Tam-o'-Shanter were after him, jumped on to the step.

Without asking or caring where the 'bus was going, he ran up the stairs to the top, and sank, with a great sigh of relief, upon the nearest seat.

When he had recovered his nerve after his narrow escape from the imaginary blackmailing adventuress, he ventured to take out the purse again and open it.

"Fare, please!"

He nearly jumped out of his skin at the demand. Hurriedly and breathlessly concealing the purse with his sleeve, he pulled out a shilling.

"A penny fare," he said, knowing not where he would be taken, and caring less.

The conductor gave him his change, looking at him rather strangely he thought, although he didn't dare to meet the man's gaze; and went below again, leaving him free once more to examine the mysterious purse.

It contained exactly two pounds eleven shillings and fourpence three farthings, in gold, silver, and copper, a boot-button, a door-key, the return half of a second-class railway ticket from Liverpool Street to Ilford, and a recipe, clipped from some ladies' paper.

"Well, this is a pretty plight for an honest man," Fred groaned to himself as he returned the purse to his pocket. "I shall ask the 'bus conductor presently to put me down near a police station, but I'll smoke a cigarette first till I get over the shock a bit."

He felt this time in his other side-pocket, and fell back in his seat with teeth fairly chattering, and a wild, affrighted look in the eyes.

He had felt another "foreign object"—a watch and chain!

Sunlit, busy, bustling Whitehall seemed to dance before his eyes—to whirl around, as he

drew forth his second find—a gold watch, with part of a broken gold chain attached.

Stupefied and quite panic-stricken now, Benson was gazing like one fascinated at the watch, unconscious of the fact that the 'bus had stopped. A gruff voice suddenly made him give an even more violent start than before.

"Is that watch yours? I see the chain's broken—looks as if it had been cut."

He looked up and beheld to his horror a policeman beside him. The conductor stood behind on the stairs.

"Oh, er—yes—yes. Er—er, that is—no, no, it isn't mine. I don't know whose it is."

"Ho! And what about that lady's purse you tried to hide when the conductor came up? I suppose you don't know who that belongs to, neither?"

"No, I don't. I—I wish I did. And yet no, I don't wish anything of the kind. The fact is sir, I found the things in my pockets—this watch and—and this purse—and I can't account for their being there; and that's the truth."

"You'd better get off and come with me," said the constable sternly.

Fred did not at all like the honour that was shown him en route to the police-station by the public. His cup of bitter humiliation he felt was filled to overflowing when he overheard what one telegraph boy said to another who joined the crowd and asked what was up.

"Oh, he's nearly killed an old blind man whose bootlaces he was tryin' to pinch."

Arrived at the police-station, he was sternly regarded and severely cross-examined by the station-sergeant. He told how he found the articles in his pockets.

"If you will only wire to the Town Hall of Turmuts-in-the-Field, my character will be vindicated," he added. "I am the assistant town clerk there."

And then Fred's anguished eye rested upon his hat.

"This hat even," he exclaimed, "isn't mine. A stranger walked off with mine in a restaurant and left this in its place."

The station-sergeant suddenly became very thoughtful. He drew the constable aside and they whispered together excitedly, looking repeatedly at Benson and the cock's feather.

"See here," said the sergeant at length, "I'm inclined to believe your story. You look the young man from the country, and I can't give you credit for being quite the accomplished actor you would be if your story wasn't true. Listen to me! I think that hat with the cock's feather has something to do with the mystery."

"Walk back to the restaurant where you lost your hat, and walk leisurely. This constable and two others in plain clothes will follow you. Don't be surprised if anyone comes up and speaks to you."

In the Strand near Somerset House a young man pushed up against him; and, to his surprise, he noticed that the stranger was wearing a coffee-coloured "Trilby" with a cock's feather stuck in the band.

The man nodded to him as he pulled up and stared. Fred was about to ask him if he were the young gentleman who had taken a hat from a restaurant in place of his own, when up rushed the constable and the two detectives.

They seized and handcuffed the stranger.

"Feel in your left coat-pocket," said the constable.

Benson did so and drew out a third "foreign object"—another lady's purse.

"Confound you, have you turned nark?" spluttered the prisoner, as the officers bundled him and Fred into a four-wheeler.

"He isn't one of you. He got hold of the hat by mistake," said one of the detectives.

"Someone must have blown the gaff upon us, anyhow. There are about twenty of us in the gang if you want to know, and we all wear coffee-coloured 'Trilbies' with a cock's feather in the band so as to know one another; and the idea was to pass on to a pal whatever you'd nicked when you ran across one, so's it wouldn't be found on you, if you were nabbed."



Business is Business

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTIN.

IS IT NECESSARY?



I have already endeavoured to impress upon those who care to take my advice, the need for system in the matter of business. But I should like to prevent any error arising concerning my views. The right system is the simplest one that is efficient, and you are only wasting time and money by allowing yourself to become obsessed with a routine that is intricate and expensive.

Check yourself constantly by the mental question: "Is it necessary?"

In large offices the routine is pretty well laid down by tradition. A book-keeper is necessary, so is a shorthand-typist, so is a stamp book, and so also are many other persons and things. But in a small business before spending money on these matters you should carefully consider whether they are indispensable.

Must you have a book-keeper? I have known some men retain the services of an expert book-keeper though they had not enough work in this particular line for an averagely intelligent office boy.

On the other hand the man with a big business, where many important entries have to be made and accounts kept, is foolish if he worries himself with doing work that could be properly transacted by a man willing to accept a very moderate salary.

Is a shorthand-typist necessary? Again I recall certain offices where young ladies, or young men, are retained to deal with letters, but where there is not enough correspondence to justify their presence.

I know one man who keeps three male shorthand writers. He is very insistent on their being up to time in the morning, but they never have anything to do worth mentioning till six o'clock at night. Then he dictates letters to them and gives one after the other the hottest twenty minutes he has put in during the whole day.

His system is rotten in many respects. For one thing he is not doing his duty by his employees. He ought to arrange matters so that their leisure is not interfered with.

He is wrong also in his planning of the day's work. It is pure slackness this leaving of the correspondence till the evening, and he is keeping himself unnecessarily after hours as well as them.

In the third place he is foolish to keep three shorthand-writers. He is constantly changing them, not because he sacks them, but because, bored with inactivity, they seek other posts, knowing that time passes more quickly and pleasantly where there is plenty of work to do.

This particular employer is saddling himself with the salaries of three typists where, if he managed the correspondence properly so that it could be distributed throughout the day, one would be quite sufficient.

Then the matter of a stamp book. Is that necessary? In a big office, it is part of an inevitable system, but in the small one, it is one of those things which in the majority of cases can be very well done without.

What is the use of a stamp book? It is a check upon the honesty of employees, for by means of it you can see at a glance the names and addresses of every person to whom a letter has been sent, and you therefore know whether the stamps you have bought are being used for

their proper and legitimate purpose or not.

I have known a clerk kept for over an hour each evening entering up the stamp book. This again is unjust, for I hold that no man should be compelled or even requested to stay after the usual office hours. But apart from this I think the stamp book in a small establishment is a useless waste of time.

The employer who has his wits about him very quickly spots dishonest tendencies amongst his people, and he sets matters right by sacking out-of-hand the person addicted to them.

In short, he gathers about him men and women on whose honesty he can rely implicitly, and he saves himself from the trouble of keeping a continual check upon them.

Naturally he makes a note occasionally when a purchase of stamps is made, and he guesses approximately how long they ought to last, but, apart from this rough calculation, he does not find it necessary to keep a continual check upon what ought to be a matter for granted—the honesty of his staff.

The same thing applies to petty cash. It is not worth the employer's while to cross-examine his messenger concerning every penny for bus fares, but occasionally, as a test, he will keep a note for a day or two of the messenger's journeys, and will readily see whether or not he is being taken advantage of. If he is, his course is obvious.

Throughout the whole of business, whether it be shopkeeping or office work, the same principle holds good. Do not waste time and money by doing things which are not necessary. You may ask what is the definition of the word "necessary." From the business man's point of view, it means that which is likely to bring in money.

IDEAS RUN TO SEED.

It is pretty well-known that enterprising business firms are ready to purchase for cash useful ideas which may be sent to them. It is not known by the outside public, however, how foolish are many of the ideas thus submitted.

The manufacturers of a certain product, which is alleged to be a form of beef tea, recently received the suggestion that the managing director should sit in the window of their chief offices with a table spread before him and a steaming cup of the liquid in his hand.

The managing director, who is a country gentleman of some social pretensions, naturally declined to do so. The correspondent, however, was indignant, and wrote many abusive letters to the firm asserting that they had practically stolen his idea, that although they had intimated to him that it was unsuitable they intended to use it at some future date.

A West-End furnishing firm which has built up its business largely by advertising, receives some hundreds of suggestions every morning. One lady recently advised them to have a number of small bills printed and to paste one on every lamp in London. That the inevitable consequence would be the prosecution of the firm and the bad opinion of the public, did not seem to strike her.

There is scarcely an editor who does not receive at least once a week the suggestion that he should either double the size of his paper, or reduce the price by half and thus ensure an increase of circulation. Sometimes this hint is accompanied by a subtle intimation that the reader has not so far been successful in any newspaper competition, but that he has entered for the latest one connected with the paper in question, and that he trusts to be successful as some small recompense for his brilliant idea.

The person who told Lord Northcliffe during the black days in the early career of the "Daily Mirror" that he ought to give away twopence with each copy, was probably pulling his Lordship's leg, so we need not take that in sincerity.

WINDOW ATTRACTIONS.

I can well remember the little shop in Glasgow in which Sir Thomas Lipton first started business on his own account. He was fortunate enough to obtain the assistance of a young artist of more than average ability. A cartoon was posted every morning in the window of the shop, and generally the subjects were in a series, so that people made a point of looking each morning as they passed, to see what the sequel would be.

One morning the cartoon represented a man on the top of a ladder at the bottom of which there was a box of eggs. Next day there was a fresh cartoon representing the man in the very act of crashing into the eggs and underneath prominent letters appeared the words: "New laid eggs. Fresh in to-day."

I verily believe that to this artist, as much as to the cleverness of Sir Thomas himself, was due the credit of having created one of the most gigantic businesses of modern times.

It is essential for a shopkeeper to induce the public to look into his window, and I shall describe a very neat device which I observed on other day, and which can readily be copied.

Smash a pane of glass. Mark with soap a circle on the inside of your window so the size of a saucer, and gum the fragments so they just touch the circumference of this circle. It will now appear to every passer by that your window has been smashed, and they will voluntarily stop to look at the damage done. A large placard should hang immediately behind the apparent break with the words: "Another record smash of prices."

PACKING.

The way in which commodities are packed makes an enormous difference to their sale. This is one of the very few respects in which American methods are superior to our own.

Take for example the packing of honey. In the present honey is packed in one of two ways. That which is intended for the consumption of the wealthier classes is put up in screw-top jars; that which is meant for sale in poorer districts is put up in thick glass tumblers. Both methods are faulty. In the case of the screw-top, we have a metal cap which has to be continually twisted on and off an edge of glass; the almost inevitable result is that particles of the glass will be ground off by the metal and will alight on the top of the honey.

Apart altogether from the danger to health receptacles of this kind are offensive to those who are in the least fastidious. The so-called tumblers which appear to form the only alternative method of packing are thick and unsentable on the table of a better class house. The remedy is simple; let honey be packed either in thin tumblers or in jam jars with the old-fashioned parchment and paper cover.

This is but an example from a very wide field. One would suppose that manufacturers of chocolate would give the fullest attention to the problem of packing, but apparently they do not.

If you want a good half-crown's worth of chocolate, you have still to buy it in a rough wooden box with the name of the firm stencilled on the sides and lid in black paint. If you want a fancy box at the same price, you have to be content with about half the weight of chocolate, and the selection of boxes is very limited, nearly all of them being ugly affairs of gummed pasteboard with a more or less unlovely picture gilded on the lid. There is no reason why this should be so. Pasteboard is cheaper than chocolate, and we should not be deprived of half-a-pound of the confection when we require it to be in card board.

It may be argued that the manufacturers get additional profit in cutting down the expense of attractive packages. It is a near-sighted policy. If our various commodities were more attractively got up, the public demand would be increased. They would be sold in quantities, and they are at present unknown. The attractive package is absolutely the cheapest form of advertisement.

MEN WHO HAVE GONE UNDER

SOME HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

He was a brilliant mathematician as a young man, and great things were expected of him. He accepted a professorial chair, the only son of a well-known lady of title. Shortly before the Derby of 1892, you may remember, he was by Lord Bradford's side, starting at 40 to 1, and himself, together with his charge and her ladyship, were in Egypt. They had far away from beaten paths, and on their return from Cairo, when her suddenly recollected the next day was Derby.

She was a woman of strong tastes, and she had fancied Sir Hugo's chance for the great race. Therefore, as she did not wish to be hurried, it was arranged that the tutor should push on to Cairo with all possible speed, find a reliable bookmaker, and put £100 on Sir Hugo for his employer. Now from so often hearing her ladyship and her son talk racing the tutor had begun to take interest in the Turf, a purely scientific interest, however, which concerned itself only with the working out of form, and the calculation of probabilities.

A MATHEMATICIAN'S MISCALCULATION.

The tutor set out on his solitary journey, and on the way he communed with himself over her ladyship's wager. According to his calculations it was absolutely impossible that Sir Hugo could win. His employer was merely throwing away her money. By the time he arrived in Cairo he had decided to "stand" the bet himself—her ladyship would never know, and it was practically picking up £100 for the asking. Late in the evening of Derby Day her ladyship and party arrived at Shepherd's Hotel, and naturally she was delighted, and mentally determined to make Mr. B—a handsome present out of her £4,000 of winnings. But where was Mr. B—why was he not in attendance to receive her? These were questions her ladyship asked with increasing vehemence—she had an imperious temper and a fine command of language—as the hours passed, and morning came without any sign of the tutor.

FROM WIMPOLE STREET TO WORKHOUSE.

She never saw him again, or if she did, she did not recognise her former tutor in the shabby, red-nosed clerk to a Silver Ring "bookie." At "Bart's" he carried everything before him, and took every surgical prize that he could take. A timely legacy enabled him to set up in Wimpole Street, and he became one of the leading surgeons of the day. He had always been a good fellow, of convivial tastes, and he had a nice palate for wine. He dined out a great deal, and did himself well. It was all right, he had splendid physique, and it enabled him to rise fresh and bright in the morning. He is said that in every third generation of a family there is a drunkard. He was that and more of Fate. He began to drink less wine and more spirits, and, as was inevitable, he



a life or death operation on the wife of a great man. He failed, and failed badly. There were ugly whispers about his state on that fatal morning; the whispers grew in volume; past "eccentricities," as they had been charitably described, were recalled; the thing could not be hushed up, and he went under.

To-day he is barber to a workhouse, and the man who was wont to refuse to operate for less than 300 guineas is now glad to shave six stubbly chins for a penny.

THE TOUT.

Lying hidden in the heath, the tout shivered, for although it was May the early morning air was mighty sharp. Patiently he adjusted his field-glass and watched the all-important trial.

Satisfied, he rose cautiously and walked straight into the arms of two wiry men. He did his best, but he was weak from long want of proper food, and they haled him before the trainer.

Then the well-fed, prosperous trainer looked at the ragged starveling and his jaw dropped.

"Be off. Have you no work to do, or shall I find you some?" he shouted to the waiting throng. Trainer and tout were left alone.

"Mr. M.!" said the trainer as softly as his naturally gruff voice would allow. The tout hung his head. The trainer reflected. Only two years earlier the tout, then a young gentleman, just come into a modest fortune of £10,000, had come to him as a patron.

But a racing stable soon swallows up £10,000, more especially when the owner follows his own judgment in betting.

An hour or so later the trainer emerged from his house accompanied by the tout, now decently clad and with the look of one who has a square meal under his waistcoat.

They crossed to the stable yard and the trainer called for his head man. "Jenkins," he said, indicating the tout, "this is Mr. M. I've engaged him as my assistant—I'm getting old—I never could teach you much about horses, you know," he added in an undertone to the tout.

FOUND AT LAST!

The bootlace merchant came furtively into the Saloon Bar, and as furtively passed from one occupant to another vainly offering his wares. The floor was littered with cigar and cigarette ends, and he scanned them narrowly. Then his dull eye brightened, and he stooped down, picked up the end of an obviously hand-made cigarette, and shuffled out.

One of the men in the bar who was rolling a cigarette looked curiously after the retreating vagrant. "Rum thing that," he said, "did you notice—he made a bee-line for that old cigarette of mine, though there were plenty of others. You don't usually find a tramp with a taste for hand-made cigarettes."

"No," said one of his companions, "you don't. I noticed it too—reminds me of poor old Jack Willoughby—you remember he always would make his own cigarettes. I wonder what became of him—after the smash."

The man who had first spoken was silent, then he said suddenly: "Wait a moment, you fellows," and walked out into the street.

The bootlace merchant was enjoying his hand-made cigarette. He smoked it carefully and lovingly, blowing the smoke through his nose. Then he started and let it fall as a hand was laid on his shoulder.

With an angry curse he stooped to pick it up, and then reeled back as a once well-known voice said in his ear: "Do you think you could make yourself one, old chap? Thank God, I've found you at last."

H. B. IMPY.

CYCLE CAMPING.

TIPS FOR AN IDEAL HOLIDAY.

Camping, in some form or other, has become quite the thing to do of late years, instead of winning the man who was bold enough to go in for it a reputation for hardiness and enterprise.

Its rise to popularity is largely due to the way in which the needs of the camper are now supplied by various institutions in the matter of equipment and facilities for obtaining it at a low cost for short periods, and for getting suitable camping grounds.

The cycle camper is unlike his more stationary fellows, or those who travel by the less speedy and more cumbersome caravan or boat, and his tent and other equipment must be small and compact, for it has to be carried on his bicycle.

It seems scarcely possible that a cyclist can carry all the necessaries—and some of the luxuries—for a tour of a week or so on his machine, yet it can be done without any trouble.

Here is a little list of the various articles which form part of an ideal kit: Tent, blankets, ground sheets, cutlery, cruet, cocoa, jam, cooking stove, plates, cups, tea, saucepan, butter-box, sleeping bag, cotton dishcloths, matches, cooking screen (to protect the stove from the wind), and candles.

And yet all these pack away so neatly that they fit into the tent, which is made of very fine stuff, and is usually a simple lean-to; the whole baggage looks little bigger than a knapsack when loaded. The bamboo rods which support the tent are made in sections and are easily carried on the frame or along the front fork of the bicycle.

The motor-cycle, owing to its greater weight-carrying capacity, will transport quite a large tent, and of course more ground can be covered in a day.

A complete camper's kit such as I have described could be purchased for a fiver or less, but many details included in this can be dispensed with altogether, while much of the rest can be supplied from the average home at the cost of having to carry a few ounces extra weight.

The one essential is the tent, which must be made for the purpose, an ordinary bell-tent or thick canvas one being, of course, impossible.

If bought ready-made, the tent will cost £2 or so, but the best plan is to make the tent, poles, and ground sheet at home, all of them being extremely simple to manufacture.

The tent is made of a special kind of lawn of very fine texture. It is not waterproof, for the weight of any absolutely impervious material would be prohibitive, but if it is properly pitched the tension is so great that water runs off it as from an umbrella.

A flysheet may be set up so as to form a double roof, but this entails the carrying of another set of poles.

A cooking stove will be most useful, if you do not care to rely on the more cheerful wood fire, but you should burn methylated spirits and not oil, owing to the necessity for packing it into a small space.

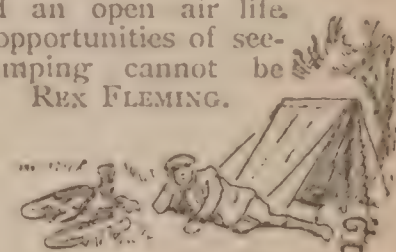
A sleeping bag is essential, a light but warm blanket doubled and sewn up at the side and one end being all that is required.

Your mattress you must trust to find on your camping ground, in the shape of straw or dead leaves.

If two or three join together and share a tent, not only the cost, but the burden of carrying the camp is greatly reduced, and the luxuries can be proportionately increased, for while one man takes the tent and all its fittings, another can take the cooking utensils and commissariat, and a third the personal luggage of the party.

As an independent holiday for an independent man, or a party of them, combining the best of exercise and relaxation and an open air life with cheapness and unique opportunities of seeing the country, cycle-camping cannot be beaten.

REX FLEMING.



Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.
ATHLETES' PHOTOS.

I have already referred to the desirability of seeing athletes and studying their development if you feel that you need a stimulus to the practice of physical culture.

But it is not everybody who has such opportunities, and to those who have not, I can confidently recommend a collection of photographs of famous athletes such as may be obtained either on picture postcards or in most of the illustrated papers. Either stick them up on the walls of your room, or keep a portfolio, which you can look through from time to time. The former plan is, of course, the better if you have a room of your own, as then you have the photographs always before you and will be continually realising the difference between your own and the ideal development.

The spirit of emulation has a great deal to do with success, not only in physical but in mental culture. In business or at school or university it is the rivalry and competition with others that spurs a man on to success, and the same is true in almost every branch of athletics.

It is said that two people who live together, tend in time to become like one another, and there is undoubtedly much truth in this. Why should not the same be the case where the products of art are concerned?

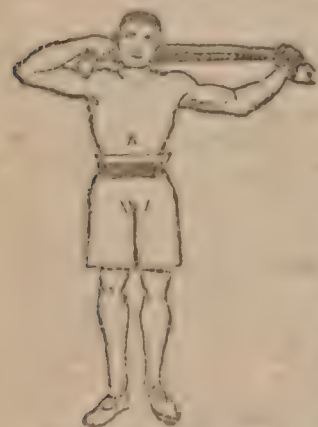
If you live among beautiful surroundings or continually look upon idealised pictures, there can be no doubt that this will have effect upon yourself physically as well as mentally. The Italians as a whole, are a far better-looking race than the English, and I for one, believe that this is largely due to the number of works of art which abound not only in their numerous galleries, but in every church and street.

Not only should photographs of living athletes be collected, but great statues, or reproductions of them such as I have given for some weeks on this page, in which an idealised development is shown, should be included in the collection.

The sculptor does not, of course, depict any abnormal muscular development such as you may find examples of in photographs of professional athletes and strong men, but he does portray an idealisation of the normal, such as the culturist will do best to aim at.

FOR THE ARM MUSCLES.

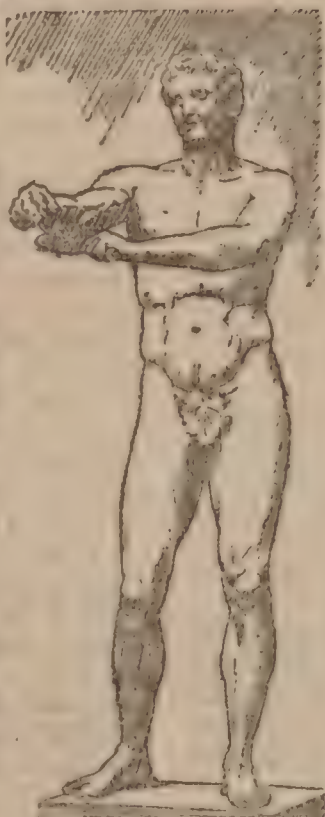
Take an ordinary bath towel, and hold it so that it will be stretched tight when you are in the position shown in the sketch, with one arm stretched almost to its fullest extent and the other hand against the neck.



A simple exercise with a bath-towel.

Then, pull the towel alternately backwards and forwards against the shoulders, taking care that the thumb of the outstretched hand will be uppermost and that of the bent one underneath.

When one arm is stretched out, the other should be bent almost double at the elbow, so that the biceps is completely contracted. All the arm muscles must be tensed throughout the exercise, which should be continued until they begin to feel tired.



THE APOXYOMENOS,
Or Athlete scraping himself, from the Vatican, Rome. Supposed to be by Lysippus.

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND FILTH.

The physical culture movement which has been rapidly gaining ground of recent years, and has undoubtedly had a splendid effect on the national physique as a whole, has called forth a number of periodicals devoted entirely to its interests.

Some of these papers are admirable in every way for those who wish to specialise in the subject, and are both healthy and clean. Others, however, make the subject of physical culture an excuse for dealing with topics which are far better left out of print.

It may be said that knowledge is necessary in these matters, and that the end aimed at is a good and noble one.

Possibly, but it is not the mission of the public Press to instruct people in such subjects, and to attempt to raise the circulation of a paper by appealing to the prurient-minded is a dastardly thing, for many innocent minds will unavoidably be corrupted by the publication of articles such as those to which I refer.

As soon as you see such an article in a paper, you will do well to cease taking it in. It can do you but little good, and may do you much harm.

There will always be people who wallow in this sort of stuff, and others to cater for them. But there is no reason why the genuine physical culturist, who, to do him justice, is usually the cleanest-minded of men, should have it forced upon him.

FOR THE ANKLES AND CALVES.

Stand at attention, placing the hands at the back of the thighs in the position shown in the sketch. Tense the arm muscles and bend the knees slowly forward, bringing the body as far down as possible without losing your balance.



Useful, if not graceful.

Be specially careful throughout this exercise to keep the whole of the foot flat on the ground, for if you let the heels rise as you come forward, you will lose half the benefit to the ankle. Having sunk as low as you can without over-balancing, pause for a second and rise slowly to the upright position again. Repeat the exercise some half-dozen times. The head and neck must be kept in an upright position all the time, and not allowed to go backwards in a line with the body.

GARTERS.

The wearing of garters is a thing to be avoided as far as possible, but sometimes it is a necessary evil.

They are very apt to constrict the veins and arteries of the leg, if they are worn tight enough to be of much use in keeping the stockings up, and to impede the circulation.

The best plan is to have your stockings made for you and to see that they are sufficiently tight at the top to keep up without any help.

This, however, is not always possible, and as many physical culturists like to wear stockings rather than socks when practising their exercises some form of garter is necessary.

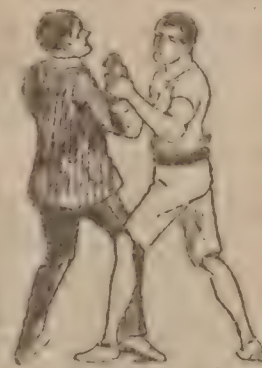
The best in my opinion is the ordinary elastic one, though this must be rather tight at first, to allow for stretching.

Failing that, a few strands of wool, knotted at the ends, make an excellent garter. But never have recourse to the ordinary piece of string, for this is bound to cut into your leg and stop the circulation.

JU-JITSU.

THE MOST MODERN SYSTEM OF DEFENCE. I have received many requests from physical culturists to give on this page a series of lessons in ju-jitsu, the science of defence which is now practised by nearly every police force in the kingdom.

Strictly speaking, I should confine myself to the subject of physical development, and leave out anything that might be considered a sport, but, with the sanction of the Editor, I am embodying this series of lessons on ju-jitsu on my own special page, not only because it is a most useful thing for a man to know, but also because it is highly beneficial to the muscles.



A reliable defence in a street fracas.

Each week for some time to come, I shall give a sketch illustrating one guard in ju-jitsu. Examination of the illustration will make the description of the move clear, and you will find no difficulty in becoming proficient if you practise each move with a friend.

Preferably, to have someone of your size and weight. The more casual sketches of these sketches of self defence, it must be backed up by assiduous practice till each of the tricks can be done with ease and lightning speed.

I should like to impress upon you the fact that a knowledge of the tricks of ju-jitsu is not enough, and you should not rely on this science till you have attained speed and proficiency in it.

I have in mind one man who disregarded this fairly obvious advice and tackled a rough twice his size, for he was over-proud of his new weapon.

Unfortunately the rough did not give him sufficient time to get a grip that would tell, but seized the novice by the collar, put him gently on the ground and sat on him.

This would not, of course, have happened if my friend had waited till he attained speed. That, then, is my first caution: don't rely on ju-jitsu till you have practised each trick again and again with a friend.

My second warning concerns this practice: be careful not to hurt your friend, for the holds I shall describe in this series are capable of breaking a limb; have a definite understanding with him that he is to give the signal as soon as he finds himself powerless.

In the case of a fall you will not hurt yourself if you come to the floor with relaxed muscles. Fall, in fact, as a drunken man does, but save yourself as well as you can with your hands.

FIRST LESSON.

A useful method of flooring a hooligan who attacks you from in front is the following:

Let us suppose that he is trying to get in at you with his right. Seize his right wrist with your left hand and his forearm just above the elbow with your right.

At the same time slip your left foot behind his right.

Then, while you hold his elbow steady, turn his wrist sharply over backwards. The wrench will compel his body to go back also and as your advanced leg keeps him from shifting, he will be thrown completely off his balance.

If the thing is done quickly enough your assailant will not have time to use his left, but this throw can still be practised if it is necessary to use your right hand to keep his left out of action.



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Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STEIN.

XL. A QUESTION OF HONOUR.



see some of her pet invalids, and she promised to drive us home if she ran across us. So long, Selby! Hope for the pleasure of seeing you again soon."

Richard had raised his hat with the others and met her eyes, though he changed his glance directly he saw her start of recognition. Then Derwood stepped up to the vehicle and began to chat animatedly to her.

Richard with a word of farewell to Lyons, strode away. His reflections were bitter. Her

brother fraternised with him freely enough, but to introduce his sister was one of the inconceivable things—what they called a solecism.

Then he felt grateful that she had not spoken to him and admitted their acquaintance. He knew this meant that she, too, realised they could only know each other amid the freedom of the country, when the birds and trees and green fields obliterated the damnable distinctions of class.

Then jealousy leapt to life in him and rioted through his veins. So Derwood knew her; smooth, lying, stab-in-the-back, but withal gentlemanly Derwood! What did Derwood think of her? And—G—d!—what did she think of him?

He ground his teeth.

Sane, well-balanced, and self-confident as was Richard in his relations with men, he was as much at sea as all of them where the Incomprehensible Woman was concerned.

Meanwhile, Derwood's scheming brain was busily trying to solve the meaning of Miss Violet Lyons's start of recognition on seeing Richard Selby.

"For the moment I almost thought you knew him, too," he observed to her idly, when young Lyons had explained how his acquaintance with Richard had originated.

"Did you?" she retorted serenely. "I wonder what made you think that."

II.

It was no unusual thing for Richard on returning from a walk of an evening to drop into "The Hare and Hounds." There was no man in Moulden for whom he had a better liking than Mark Gem, and the way Mark's face lit with welcome when he went in was always good to see.

To-night Richard's walk had once more been barren of hoped reward. Fight as he would against it, his feet seemed, as of their own volition, to carry him to the confines of Bagley Court.

And he had come away again, cursing himself and his folly, as only a young man can do who finds himself in the battlefield of conflicting emotions.

Feeling far from sweet-tempered, Richard pushed open the swinging doors of the public bar, intending to pass through to the better comfort of the smoke-room.

But Richard's entrance caused so pronounced a silence that he paused half-way across the room and looked to see who was present.

Mrs. Gem was behind the bar, polishing a glass, and was gazing at Richard rather curiously.

In the room were Steve Marshall, Peter Wood, and a man named Phelps—all workmen at Guest's forge—also a couple of women.

One of the women sniggered.

Richard's pause was only momentary and he resumed his progress, fully aware that he had been the subject of conversation before he came in.

Within the smoke-room he found Mark Gem energetically discussing with the few customers

the merits and demerits of certain animals in the next big race.

Derwood was there with his partner, Jake Thorn, and on Richard's appearance they both ceased talking, looked at each other significantly, and walked out. Derwood cut Richard dead.

The restraint of the others became marked, and one by one they cleared out.

Richard shrugged a pair of muscular shoulders.

His recent successes in business had soured the minds of many who had felt kindly towards him not long ago, and he was getting used to these open displays of ill-will. Nevertheless he regretted calling, for Mark's sake.

Mark's expression was irreverent when he told him so.

"Them as objects to the society o' Dick Selby," he said, "can keep out o' 'ere. What'll you 'ave?"

While Mark was waiting at the bar to be served, his wife came and whispered to him.

Richard began to feel something queer in the air.

Mark returned, and Richard, who knew his every mood, saw that he was uncomfortable.

"Out with it!" he said.

Mark grinned sheepishly.

"The missis swears y' ain't that sort," he said ambiguously.

"What sort? What d'ye mean?"

Mark jerked his head towards the tap-room.

"They'm sayin' as there was a good reason for yer wantin' Steve Marshall to marry that Kate Wall."

"Well, what about it?" snapped Richard, irritated by his air of mystery.

Mark quailed visibly. His desire for Richard's good opinion was almost childish.

"Of course, it's damn rot," he said, obscuring his face behind a tankard.

Still Richard was dense. Mark's next remark, however, was explicit enough.

"Everybody's sayin' the kid's just like yer," he said. "Such rot!"

A blow between the eyes could not have staggered Richard more. His face went dark, and blood corded his veins.

"Who started that lie?" he asked hoarsely, getting to his feet with slow care.

"Struth!" exclaimed Mark, aghast at his face.

Then he set his hands on Richard's shoulders and crushed him back into his chair.

"Who does start 'em?" he said. "The devil only knows! But y'll only mek things wuss by takin' any notice."

"All right," said Richard in a strangely quiet voice, and Mark released him.

"That's better!" he said with a sigh of relief.

"Has Derwood been talking about it?" asked Richard.

"They all 'ave," said Mark, whose tact was not conspicuous. "But all I can say is, they seems a damn sight more sensitive about yer than anybody else. Why, if it was any other chap nobody'd be interested enough to repeat it. That's the penalty o' fame," he added with an attempt at jocularly.

Mark himself was wondering why Richard took it so much to heart. If a similar rumour had been circulated about him he would have been more amused than anything else.

"Steve's out there," said Richard; "does he think that?"

"I dunno," said Mark, altogether out of his depth.

Richard went into the adjoining room, Mark following.

"Steve," he said loudly, "I want you to—"

He stopped. Steve was drunk. Was there no way of throttling this lie? The one woman who could refute it was lying a-bed—Steve's wife.

The woman in the tap-room sniggered again. With a dizzying attack of impotent rage Richard went, fearing he would lose control and make a fool of himself.

What the people of Moulden believed or



thought of him he cared absolutely nothing, but he knew that this foul libel on his honour would reach Bagley Court through the medium of Derwood as surely as he knew he would go mad if she believed it.

If the heavens fell, he must see her!

III.

The next day Richard felt calmer about it. He tackled Steve and got no more from him than a bloodthirsty description of how he would serve any man that he heard telling *that* tale.

As Mark had said, to trace the source of a rumour was not far removed from the impossible.

Pressure of work kept Richard engaged all the morning, but later he went into Moulden, hoping to see Miss Lyons, though he had not the shadow of an idea what he would say to her if he did.

A little reflection, and he decided that the high road from Bagley to Moulden would be the best place to watch for her.

He was not to be disappointed. Scarcely had he left the outskirts of Moulden than he saw her approaching, sitting alone behind a spirited horse.

Barcheaded, he stood out in the road, waiting.

She swept past!

Full in the face she had looked him—and gone by. The look was blighting in its scorn.

Richard's jaw protruded.

Sitting on the bank by the roadside, he waited.

He sat there for nearly two solid hours, but at the end of that time he saw her trap coming back.

She was returning. Again he stood out. But this time he sprang at the horse's bridle and brought it up.

He saw her hand go towards the whip, and even then, in his desperate emotion, he gloried in her courage.

The animal plunged and reared, but she made no motion to tighten the reins. Then it went quieter, Richard patting and soothing it.

The situation was perilously near the comical, but he did not see it, nor, probably, did she.

Then Richard looked at her, and he knew she would listen.

He left the horse's head and went nearer, so that he was gazing up into her face.

She could see him struggling to speak; but no words came. She looked away from him, along the road, perhaps thinking that would help him. Perhaps, too, she was wondering how she could have been so angry with him when so manifestly he had suffered.

"You have heard something about me," she heard him say. The voice was dry and unnatural, as if it came from a strangling throat.

"Well?" she said, still looking straight ahead.

"It's a lie," he said, with difficulty.

To him it seemed dreadful that he should have to deny it at all. Could she not have known?

"I—I—" Then he stopped. He wanted to say that he hoped she believed him.

She looked down at him. His head was lowered and he missed whatever expression illumined her face.

"Of course it was untrue," she said brightly.

"I was angry"—she hesitated now—"I was angry—oh, because such things are said at all. I'm sure you hurt the horse's mouth, pulling it about as you did."

How amazingly irrelevant! And yet how it lightened his heart that she dismissed the matter like that!

"Did I?" said Richard with immense concern. "I'm sorry."

Then the remembrance of his late misery came over him and he wanted to tell her all about it, so that she might feel sorry for him. Though he was no adept at this game, Richard had some useful instincts.

But the end of his dismal confession was never reached, nor did she show the pity he desired.

Instead, she watched him with the prettiest look of derision that said more plainly than words how clearly she saw through his motives.

"Haven't I said I knew it to be untrue?" she asked. "Why should you want to give me arguments when I've told you I believe you?"

He knew why—because to speak with her was better than winning a fight or mastering a great machine, but he did not like to tell her so.

Looking at him as he stood tongue-tied, she knew all things. She laughed, shook the reins, and left him.

And as he watched her whirling out of sight, his eyes grew hot and his throat stiff, for he was deeply thankful that his honour had been vindicated in her sight. Had he been a woman he might have wept.

[Another of these stories will appear next week.—ED.]

WAYS AND MEANS.

I. OF SAILING THE SEAS.

The longing to go to sea comes to most men soon or late. If it comes early you can make yourself a sailor once for all by entering the Royal Navy or the Mercantile Marine; if you do not experience it until later in life, you can still spend your holidays at sea, and that for no more than you would pay on land.

Many a skipper of a fishing boat, a cargo boat or coasting steamer, will gladly take you on board for a cruise, which will not cost you more than £1 a week all told, and perhaps less than that.

Again there are many owners of small yachts who need an extra hand, and instead of paying a man to do the work, they are often only too glad to take on a congenial companion who is prepared to do his share of the work in return for his keep.

If you intend to take to the sea as a career the Royal Navy provides many openings. The usual age for joining is between 16 and 17, but older men need not despair of becoming Jack Tars.

Application may be made to the station officer of any coastguard station, to the Commodore of the Royal Naval Barracks at Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham or Sheerness, or to the Naval recruiting officers at those ports, and there are recruiting stations in most of the large towns in the British Isles; full particulars may be obtained free from the Admiralty Recruiting Officer, 7, Whitehall Place, London, S.W.

Recruiting for the Royal Marines goes on at the same stations, and men are eligible from 17 to 23, provided they can pass the medical test and can read and write.

The standard of height is 5ft. 5in. for the Light Infantry, and 5ft. 7in. for the Artillery, and the engagement is for twelve years.

Red Marines (or R.M.L.I.) and Blue Marines (or R.M.A.) are alike both soldiers and sailors, and a finer service one could not wish to join.

The worker in London, Bristol, Liverpool, Glasgow or Newcastle, who can spare only so much time to the service of his country by sea, as the Territorial does on land, can join the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, whose ship, H.M.S. *Buzzard*, lies in the Thames, and whose headquarters are in Commercial Road, Lambeth, S.E.

Instead of going into camp, the Naval Volunteer spends his summer training with the Fleet and thus gains practical experience.

The youngster who is ambitious to join the Merchant Service will do best to apply to the shipping master at some large port, or to one of the great steamship lines, and unless he starts sufficiently young to begin on a training ship, he will have to serve an apprenticeship first.

There still remain various special posts both in the Navy and Merchant Service—pursers, signalmen, stokers, electricians, sick-berth staff, naval craftsmen, and so on, but the special conditions applying to them are most complicated and should be obtained from headquarters.

JOHN GERVAISE.

SPORT TYRANNY.

The authorities of most of our big schools hold it essential that all boys in their charge shall play games. The little boy who does not care for these things is taken by the back of the neck, plunged into a football scrum and ordered to enjoy himself.

It might be advisable to compel little boys to take mechanical exercise, but it has always seemed to me that sport is a more sacred thing. The liking for it is after all largely a matter of health. If a boy is not growing too quickly, and is consequently feeling pretty fit, he will find the natural course of events want to play games.

The youngster who does not voluntarily turn to sport, has generally something the matter with him, but that is not his fault. In the passage of years he will doubtless outgrow his physical weakness, and with the first access of health he will feel an inclination to take up some branch of sport. On the other hand, if he is forced into playing, he will never play well, his heart will be elsewhere. Probably when he leaves school, he will delightfully seize the opportunity of giving up games for ever.

Boys should be allowed to please themselves in this respect. The boy who does not play games may develop into a fine sportsman in later life. Some of our best golfers, cyclists and polo-players have never taken part in either football or cricket, and do not even know the rules of these games. There are plenty of sportsmen who can begin when you are twenty or twenty-five, when you have done your growing, and reached as high a standard of health as you are ever likely to attain; therefore, let the kids please themselves.

NEVER BORED.

Mr. George Meredith, the novelist, loathes society, and lives in the seclusion of a house on Box Hill in Surrey. This hill, by the way, is a veritable cyclists' death-trap, and has probably seen more accidents than any other place of its kind. The roads are so steep that you can't ride down with two brakes on. Your tyres get ripped off the stones if you do.

One of those wearisome people who earn a living by interviewing celebrities, once asked him if he never got tired of the quietness of country life.

"Nature is always changing," Mr. Meredith replied. "It could never tire me."

"Well, for my part," said the interviewer, "I should soon get bored to death."

"Bored!" exclaimed the novelist. "How can a man possibly get bored if he has a brain to think with?"

And strangely enough it was just then that the visitor recollected the necessity of hurrying off to catch his train back to town.



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WHERE MEN'S FASHIONS COME FROM



little captain was generally represented in Mr. Stanley Wood's pictures so arrayed. He looked uncommonly well, as most people handled by Wood do, and those who saw the pictures thought they could scarcely fail to look well in white ducks also.

White ducks want to be worn with some distinction, unless you are prepared to run the risk of being mistaken either for a chef or a house-painter, and those who adopted the fashion began to discover that it was rather a difficult thing to live up to the picture.

Then came the final blow. A job lot of white duck uniforms, which had not been required for the American army in the Philippines, were thrown on the London market. It was possible to get a very good duck suit at that time for a few shillings. This meant, of course, the absolute death-blow to the fashion, for a thing that becomes too cheap will at once cease to be popular.

Many of our fashions are but adaptations of those of the working classes. The cap was at one time the head-covering of the poor, and was unknown to aristocratic polls. At length it was taken up by a few sportsmen, as being both comfortable and convenient, and from them it was copied by princes and peers alike.

Some fashions have nothing but novelty to commend them. They die out after they have been taken up and exploited by the gilded youths. Others are so obviously improvements on existing styles, that they not only become popular, but also more or less permanent.

THE LOUNGE LENGTH. Take the lengthening of the lounge jacket as an example. It was pretty obvious that the frock coat was a much more becoming garment than the jacket, but it took many years before anyone discovered wherein lay the artistic superiority of the former. Then it struck someone that the ordinary lounge jacket was unbecoming owing to its scanty length; it lacked those graceful lines which are so essential for artistic effect.

The experiment of making a lounge jacket several inches longer than usual was accordingly made, and the improvement was at once so obvious that the fashion spread to the clothes of all classes. It was, of course, overdone by many, and there has been a retrograde step to dock off a few of the many added inches, but I venture to think that the lounge jacket will never go back to its previous shortness.

LESTER BROWNLOW.

BUYING CHEAPLY.

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With Wax READ WHAT USERS SAY—
Aldwych Theatre, Strand, London W.C. Jan. 18/09. Dear Sirs,—Kindly send me two shilling tins of "Baffo." I am highly pleased with the preparation, and find it very useful. It is quite the best thing I have ever used (I have tried a good many things too). Wishing you every success.—Yours truly, J. MAJOR WARD (Acting Manager).
The Empire, Edmonton, London. Dear Sirs,—I am just writing to tell you how pleased I am with your "Baffo." I have used this now for some years, and can truthfully say that it is, without doubt, the best moustache fixer on the market. Wishing you the success you certainly deserve.—Faithfully yours, H. BAWN (Managing Director).
Dundee. Gentlemen,—Kindly send me as soon as possible one tin of your "Baffo." It is the best preparation I have ever used for the moustache; it stands the wet and keeps the moustache in position much longer than any other.—Yours truly, W. G.
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you found a brass plate with a brief inscription. It is the only indication that the house is the place of business of a tailor. From a might suppose it was a private residence, except that the windows of the ground floor are suit the tastes of the private residents in that district. In this house most of the fashions of the world are evolved. It would be untrue to say that they are designed, for the tailor keeps no designers. The fashions are conceived either in his brain, or in the brains of his customers, and they are developed through the ingenuity of both of them. The tailor's clients are mostly dashing young sportsmen, and aristocratic sportsmen, and these in turn are copied by the young men in the fashion becomes established in the clothes of men, irrespective of class.

WHY TAILORS LIKE A CHANGE. Tailors have always been keen on securing a change in men's fashions, for in this way he secures his customers to lay aside suits that are little the worse for wear, and order others in the latest style. So he suggests a gauntlet cuff to one of his customers, or it may be a variation in the shape of the coat collar. The customer knows even better than the tailor whether such an alteration is likely to be appreciated. If he also votes for a suit is immediately made after the approved pattern; it is worn and criticised, and, if the business reasons of the tailor and the dress ambitions of his fashionable customers unite in explaining why men's fashions alter. The popularity of the morning coat, and the decline of the frocker, is largely due to the fact that Mr. G. P. Huntley wore a morning coat in his impersonation of a fashionable silly character in one of his most popular plays. Certain actors have attained a just reputation as skilful dressers. Mr. George Alexander with his soft flannel collar showed that this comfortable article of attire could also look perfectly becoming, but it is not every such innovation which catches the fashionable fancy.

INTRODUCTIONS. I remember seeing Mr. Lewis Waller once wearing a brown frock coat. Shortly afterwards I observed one or two similar garments being worn, but they were unbecoming and were promptly relegated to the limbo of things unknown. Mr. George Grossmith was the introducer of the once prevalent custom of wearing a double collar with evening dress, and to him also must, I have, be attributed the popularity of the "Tall Hat." The roll collar was copied from a costume of the Dandies; it is, of course, merely a revival of an early Victorian fashion. "The Tell me, pretty maiden" sextet in "The Pied Piper" was sung by six young men in grey frock coats. At that time a grey frock coat was unknown, but from the moment of the first starting of the play it became popular. Cutcliffe Hyne's series of Captain



A GROWL AT TWILIGHT

This is no jungle tale but a whole-hearted growl or grumble such as the Englishman delights in, against the miseries of twilight—the hour or two of all the twenty-four that the world finds most difficult in enduring with patience and dignity.

I have wished again and again that the sun would set everywhere—as it does at Portsmouth according to the old lady of immortal memory—with a bang!

It would save so much uncertainty, such a load of depression, such an infinite amount of melancholy.

What, indeed, can a man do between the day's work or play and the night's appropriate programme of amusements?

The approach of those two hours between light and darkness, for which human ingenuity and intelligence have not yet succeeded in finding a decent occupation, overshadow the last hours of the day's enjoyments and throw a gloom over the approaching evening.

A WAY OF ESCAPE.

It would be a blessing if custom decreed that, when the light showed the first sign of waning, we should all go to bed for a spell, and wake when darkness was well established.

How thankful we should be to have escaped that long drawn out period of grey gloom, streaked here with tatters of the true daylight, there with shreds of the real black night; but having the nature of neither day nor night, yet possessing in full measure a poisonous melancholy of its own.

To draw out even the finest day's sport in the field or covert until daylight fades, is to run the risk of spoiling the most pleasing moments of existence; for the joys of the day, like the places where they have been taken, grow dark at twilight, and there come to the mind a puny, gloomy, sluggish taciturnity and melancholy that efface every fine memory and vitiate the blood with lethargic humours.

At twilight, for lack of something even more demoralising, a man will begin to think of all the sins he has ever committed, and a futile, rasping remorse will seize him in its grip.

HORRIBLE THOUGHTS.

His views of life will be distorted, and petty worries will take on the shape of monstrous ogres of annoyance.

He will begin to mope about the girl he left behind him. He can neither eat nor drink nor work nor play during this reign of melancholy twilight, and he wanders to and fro upon the earth seeking something or someone to distract his thoughts and turn them into healthy channels. And all he is offered is—a cup of tea!

A cup of tea is not to be despised at times, but one cannot prolong the consumption of such an exciting beverage over a couple of the gloomiest hours of life.

This twilight unrest may partly account for the venom that finds its way into so much of the gossip that goes on over the tea-cups among the lady members of the household.

Whenever one desires to hear A's real opinion

of B, one should invite A to tea and contrive to arrange that A shall sit near a window in the twilight. All that remains is for the conversation to be deftly led round to the subject of B. Whatever A says about B in these circumstances may be accepted as A's real and bedrock opinion.

In the first flush of the morning one is ready to embrace all mankind, but twilight brings up hosts of doubt and jealousy and criticism, and a lot of curmudgeonly sentiments.

In one's general feeling of fitness, too, there seems to be a distinct falling-off at the twilight hour.

Later, when the lamps are lit, you feel good enough to tackle anything, but till then your body appears to be depressed in sympathy with your spirit.

You don't want to walk if you can get a 'bus. You want everything done for you.

The evening meal over, what a change is there! You walk for the sheer exercise and delight of it, and you feel the magnificent sensation which most of us know, which nobody has yet been able to describe, but which is fairly accurately if bluntly called good health.

Twilight should be abolished. Daylight Saving Bills are all very well, but the man who will deserve well of his country is he who will provide some occupation that will fill the mind and keep the body occupied during the hours of twilight, and so save millions of unhappy people a daily purgatory.

ARTHUR HOLDSWORTH.

THE ART OF BOOKBUYING.

The man who is a lover of books, like the lover of anything else, is apt to be injudicious.

He buys a book simply because it is a book, because the subject interests him remotely and because the price is moderate. In time he secures many well-filled book-cases, but there are few of the books that he ever consults.

So far as their utility is concerned, they might as well be bindings only.

To buy books in this way is very extravagant. Books are costly, and unless they are to be useful to you it is folly to acquire them.

A man who is gathering together a small library likes to have all the standard works, but how often does he consult "Paradise Lost" or the "Faerie Queen"?

It would be much better for him to buy those novels which he has thoroughly enjoyed and which are capable of giving him pleasure again when he turns them up; he might also acquire books on his favourite sports, particularly those with dashing illustrations, for a picture will bring to the mind a whole train of thoughts more rapidly than a lengthy chapter.

When a man buys books by the yard, simply as part of the furnishing of his house, he need not take this or any other advice, but where a library is limited it ought to be all useful and, to quote the old Latin proverb, "Let the buyer beware." If he is tempted into buying books that he is never going to consult, he is wasting money.

A KENNEL TIP.

A dog is no use to a man unless he makes a pal of him.

You want to be able to take out your dog wherever you go yourself and that without discomfort. To have a dog that requires constant looking after and calling to heel is a nuisance, and it is also most unpleasant to take a dog into a friend's house unless he is sufficiently well-mannered to make himself scarce beneath the sofa till the time arrives for your departure.

But I am thinking chiefly of your outdoor expeditions.

Being an outdoor man, you like to go splashing through the mud of an evening when the day's work is done, and you want to have your dog with you. Consequently he gets badly

splashed before he reaches home, and at the time of night it is not convenient for you to wash him, neither would it be good for the dog. The difficulty can be overcome to a large extent by having plenty of straw in his kennel. He will wriggle himself amongst the straw and rub off the thick of the dirt.

Besides this, the polishing effect of straw is excellent on either the coat of a horse or a dog, and if your dog is properly bedded up with straw you will find him much cleaner than he otherwise would be.

SMITH ON DOGS.

"Hello!" said Brown, "It's a month ago since I saw you, Smith, and I'm glad I happened to meet you that day. What do you think of my dog now? I took your advice—I got some of those Molassine Dog Cakes, and to my great surprise, after evincing a great deal of curiosity, the dog attacked them, and well, although it is not always advisable to judge by appearances, I think you will admit that the difference between the dog to-day, and what he was a month ago is a striking one. From a miserable object you saw, he has developed into the most perfect specimen of the Molassine Dog Cake. I am telling all my 'Doggy' friends what a wonderful food Molassine Dog Cakes are, and that they can be obtained from the Molassine Co. Ltd., 3, Tunnel Avenue, Greenwich."

A £500 INSURANCE

Registered and good for a year.

The Proprietors of "The Modern Man" have entered into an arrangement with the

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I request you to forward to me, in the accompanying addressed envelope, the Insurance above described, and to register my name as below, as the holder of such Insurance, for which purpose I also enclose a Postal Order for 6d.

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Occupation, ...

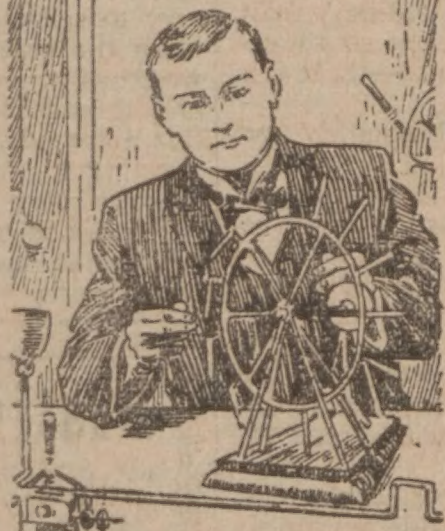
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Please Write Plainly.

SOME FASCINATING
PROBLEMS THAT ARE
HOPELESS OF
SOLUTION.

Brain Wreckers



Perpetual motion is a subject through which many a fine intellect has been lost. If an engine could be devised which would give force without requiring motive power, it would make the fortune of its inventor; but such a thing is impossible. Our present form of engine is simply a means by which we transfer energy from coal and put it into the form of motion. What scientists call the law of the conservation of energy prevents us from making any engine whose motive power shall be nothing at all.

The greatest natural force is, of course, gravity, and inventors generally endeavour to use it in the construction of perpetual motion machines. The chief trouble with gravity is that it pulls only one way. A cannon ball falling from the top of a steeple is capable of doing work, but you have to use just as much energy in pulling it to the top of the steeple for its next descent.

Every day contrivances are brought to patent agents by cranks who claim to have solved the problem of perpetual motion. Needless to say, none of their models work, but they claim that there is only some trifle wanting. One man, for instance, asserted that all that was necessary was a plate of some substance that would counteract the effect of gravity.

THE ONE THING NEEDED.
You can drop a cannon ball, which in its descent would give force; you would then insert between it and the ground a plate of the magic

interceptor, and the ball could then be lifted up without the exertion of any force, the plate would then be removed and the ball would fall again to the ground, once more possessing the capacity for doing work. A pretty scheme, but its inventor had not managed to discover a suitable material from which the plate might be made, and neither has anybody else.

The nearest approach to a perpetual motion machine has been made by Dr. Strutt. It consists of a small gold leaf electroscope, which is charged with radium. The gold leaves continually separate and touch, and they may go on doing this for thousands of years, but the duration of motion is entirely dependent on the lasting nature

of the radium, which will, of course, waste away in time. Moreover, this machine is of so trifling a nature that it exerts no tangible force, and is therefore commercially useless.

PUT TO THE TEST.

The man who has an idea for perpetual motion can quickly rid his mind of its benumbing presence by bringing his scheme into the concrete form of a model, which will, of course, be unworkable. In the same way anyone who supposes that he had discovered the elixir of life may promptly disabuse his mind by experimenting with it upon a dying person. But there are many projects which are of an absolutely theoretical nature, and the minds of their victims cannot be so readily disillusioned.

Heading the list comes that ghastly problem, "squaring a circle." The circumference of a circle bears a definite and constant relation to its

diameter, but no one has been able to find exactly what the proportion is. We generally say that the circumference is to the diameter as 22 is to 7. For most purposes this calculation is sufficiently accurate, but it is not absolutely so. Rudolph van Culen, the Dutch professor, spent his whole life endeavouring to find out the exact proportion. He reduced the sum to some hundreds of decimals, and he had the result inscribed on his gravestone, but he had not yet got to the end of the problem.

A London carpenter succeeded in getting an answer which was nearly accurate, by cutting out a wooden disc with a diameter of 12 inches, and running it along an ivory rule. He asserted that the circumference was 3.140625 times the size of the diameter, but this still left an error of 1 in 3,000.

THE NEAREST, SO FAR.

A lady mathematician devised the following formula: "Deduct eight thousandths and three millionths of a diameter from three diameters." This gives us the most accurate formula which we possess, having only an error of 1 inch in 14,000 miles.

But none of them are absolutely correct, nor is it profitable to try to improve upon them.

Another brain-wrecking problem is the square root of 2. Dr. Colvill spent many years in working out the answer to 120 decimal places, but at his death the sum was still unfinished.

We may add to this list of theoretical problems that of trisecting an angle. To divide an angle into 3 appears a fairly easy thing and it is constantly done by architects and others for practical purposes, but there is no scientific way of doing it with absolute accuracy.

The discovery of the absolute zero is another stumbling block for great intellects. Professor Dewar has obtained a temperature lower by 422 degrees than Fahrenheit's zero, or 454 degrees below freezing point. But he is still 18 degrees off the absolute limit of coldness.

T. G. GOODMAN.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

For Brain and Nerves.

It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the possesesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

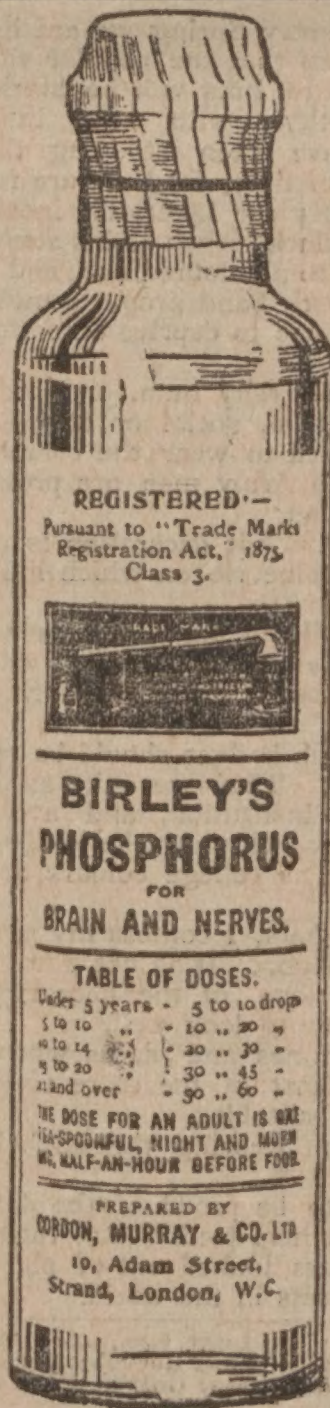
It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, properly administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo or Giddiness, and those *vague and undefined nervous conditions* (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous de-

bility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz., Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

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THE OUTERMAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.
FIXING VEST SLIPS.



A reader asks me for the correct method of fixing a vest slip. His own, he says, has a way of working round to one side, or disappearing from sight.

From this I imagine that he is in the habit of wearing one of those large-fronted *piqué* slips, which, I believe, are technically called "undress slips," and which are simply hung loosely round the neck.

Even these can be kept in place by the simple expedient of fastening them to the lining of the waistcoat with a safety pin at each side.

Some are made with a series of buttonholes at the bottom, so that they can be fixed with a stud to the requisite angle, but if the stud is not fixed to the shirt the slip is still liable to shift to one side.

The best (and cheapest) form of slip is a narrow one that buttons in to the inside of the waistcoat, and thus cannot shift. It is put on and taken off with the waistcoat and is easily removed when dirty.

Three or five buttons must be sewn to the lining of the waistcoat, one at the back of the neck and the others down the front.

The officer's "uniform collar" is fastened to the tunic on this principle. By the regulations he is only allowed to show one-eighth of an inch of white collar, so that some such plan is necessary.

STRAW HAT RIBBONS.

About the middle of every Spring we are informed by certain writers that the popular ribbon for the season's straw hats will be black. You read these assertions with some little amusement, if you have been studying the fashion for any length of time, for they are repeated regularly, and they are invariably incorrect. Nobody wants a black ribbon to his straw hat, if he has any right to a coloured one, and I rather think that the black band prophets must lack such a right, and hope to deprive others of exercising it.

If you are an old University man, or if you are a member of any club, social or athletic, you are of course entitled to wear the colours of these institutions, and Army men are proud of their regimental ribbons.

The most coveted straw hat decoration is of course the pale or dark blue ribbon which indicates the 'Varsity Blue.

Many schools and colleges have badges on which the coat of arms is embroidered, and one may frequently see a coloured hat band bearing these insignia.

In my own opinion such badges should be reserved for a black band. They are quite sufficient indication of the institution, and avoid the charge of vulgarity, which might be levelled where a badge as well as college colours are worn.

In regard to Panama hats, I confess my preference for a coloured ribbon. It is not always easy, however, to get one of the necessary colours sufficiently narrow to look well.

Of course, there are times and places where coloured hat-bands, at least of the more vivid type, are not altogether suitable.

I recently saw a man wearing the M.C.C. ribbon in Fleet Street.

He had every right to be proud of the distinction, but I could not help feeling that those particularly bright colours looked out of place in one of the busiest streets in the world.

KEEPING A SILK HAT TRIM.

It is not every man, who is obliged for one cause or another to wear a silk hat, who has the opportunity and can afford the necessary time and money, to hand his tile over to the hatter to be ironed and renovated generally.

To keep the hat smart and glossy without the occasional assistance of skilled hands is usually a heart-breaking business for the ordinary man.

If, however, he possesses sufficient courage—and faith in the writer of these notes—there is a way out of the difficulty.

All that is required is a thoroughly wet sponge.

Sponge the hat round—the right way, of course—and you will get a gloss that will remain even when the hat is dry.

Having damped the surface all over, take a good hard brush, with close bristles, and brush the hat in the ordinary way.

If your hat proves at all refractory a hard brush is generally preferable to the usual soft brush or pad. In this case it will spread the moisture evenly.

But the thing must be done thoroughly. It is no use unless the surface is made uniformly wet, or the effect will be streaky. Don't be afraid of spoiling the hat, this method of treatment will really do it no harm, and though of course it is not to be recommended if you wear your hat so seldom that you can keep it in trim by the ordinary means, yet if it has to be subjected to much hard wear, sterner measures must be taken.

LEGGINGS OVER TROUSERS.

As a general rule trousers and leggings are a combination to be avoided, but there are times when they have their uses.

For instance the city man may have to bicycle along muddy country lanes in order to reach the station from his home, and a pair of leggings will provide the necessary protection from splashes. They can be discarded on arrival at the station and left with the bicycle.

If you are going to wear leggings over trousers, it is best not to get block leggings, but those of a more bucolic appearance which are about the same width all the way down.

The slack of the trousers should be pulled out in front and folded neatly *outwards*, so as to be stowed away between the outside of the calf and the legging.

For wearing with trousers a most useful form of legging is that which was used in the Army before it was superseded by puttees, and which is only about 12 inches high.

Whatever shape you wear, you should be careful to pull up a sufficient length of the trouser to turn down over the top of the legging.

An alternative to the legging as a means of keeping trousers from impeding your walking, if appearance is no object, is the leather anklet.

SWEATING.

From the title of this paragraph you may think that I am dealing with a subject that should come on Mr. Mitchell's Physical Culture page, but as a matter of fact it is rather Mr. Macnaughten's province that I am encroaching upon.

There is no trade in which sweating is so prevalent as in that of tailoring, and it rests chiefly with the buyer of clothes whether it is to be encouraged or put down.

The temptation to work men at a starvation wage must be great to a small master-tailor, for the men are always forthcoming, and competition is great.

But the man who cuts down his prices in a way that could only be achieved by sweating, loses many customers who prefer to pay a little more to ensure a good fit, and to make certain that they are not encouraging the grinding down of a fellow man by the exaction of fourteen hours' work a day for a miserable pittance.

One of the surest signs that a tailor sells the products of sweated labour is the sale.

A tailor is not a cloth merchant. He has necessarily a small stock, but except in the largest houses much of the stuff is got to order.

THE REMEDY.

He sells, therefore, nothing but labour. If he advertises a "Great sale: all goods greatly reduced," unless he has a large stock of ready-made clothing, it is obvious that he is only seeking a plausible excuse for undercutting his rivals, and you may be fairly sure that the "great sacrifice" which is probably advertised as necessary to sell the goods to an appreciative public is on the part not of the employer, but of the wretches whom he makes to toil at the needle and thread like galley-slaves at the oar—with this difference, that the galley-slave was at least exerting his muscles, often under the open sky.

Make very sure, therefore, that your tailor treats his men at least as men; if he does not take your custom elsewhere. You will get better work.

Distinctive Tailoring

not only stamps the man of culture and taste, but is an indispensable asset to success in life. A cheap suit looks cheap from the start and becomes practically unwearable after a few months' use—it also denotes a 'cheap' man. Nothing creates a more favourable impression than smartly-cut and well-fitting clothes; and the attention given in this respect

BY
J. & H. ELLIS,

Of 201, Strand, London,
And 20, Farringdon St., E.C.,
TO THEIR
Harris Tweed Suits, from
45/-
Dress Suits, from 70/-
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"Aquadoko" Overcoats,
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proves them to be specialists in their line of business. It is because they know the secret of making men's clothes that they offer their services with every confidence, and feel it

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**TAILOR, BREECHES MAKER
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'RAYNREZYSTA'
(Regd.) 25/-

A Distinctive Skirty Overcoat
for Rain or Shine,
Town, Country, Travel, or Sport.

**IN SHOWERPROOFED
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(With Satin-lined Sleeves).
Rainproof, Porous, and Hygienic.

**THE IDEAL OVERCOAT & AUTUMN.
For SPRING, SUMMER, & WINTER.**

For Immediate Wear. 36 to 42 in. Chest over Jacket.
Sample Coat, Carriage Paid, 25s. Bankers' or Trade References.

JACKET SUITS & OVERCOATS from 50/-
(to measure in 12 hours if desired).

UNEQUALLED VALUE, FIT, & STYLE.

PATTERNS POST FREE.
The patronage of gentlemen desiring a tailor charging the lowest remunerative prices consistent with best goods and workmanship, and who guarantees perfect fitting garments of every description, is respectfully invited.

'Phones: Gerrard 2241.

Sole Advertising Agents: W.C.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Thanet House, Strand, London.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Dress Suit and extra Coat.—Good condition; only wants pressing and cleaning; sell 17s. 6d.—Box 287, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Pair White Cord Riding Breeches.—Nearly new; will take 25s.; worth double.—Box 304, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Pair of "K" Spiral Leather Leggings.—14; worn 3 times; cost 18/6; Riding Breeches; laced fronts; 20s. the two; also Blue Overcoat; worn about five times; 20s.; cost 50s. (owner in black).—Box 297, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Gent's Frock Coat and Silk Hat.—Scarcely worn; fit chest 37 in.; a bargain, 26s. the lot.—Box 313, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Pair of Doe-Skin Cricket Boots.—7's; spikes removed; worn once; cost 14s., take 5s.—Box 317, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Brown Suit.—Twice worn; chest, 40 ins.; height, 6ft.; £1 5s.—Box 318, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Yeomanry Riding Boots.—Absolutely new and unsoiled; size 8½; cost £2 2s.; sacrifice £1.—Box 321, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Dark Green Worsted Lounge Suit for Sale; fit 38 in. chest, 5ft. 6in. height; in excellent condition; cost £2 15s., sell £1 15s.—Box 322, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Grey Vicuna Walking Coat and Striped Cashmere Trousers; scarcely worn; sell cash 25s. (very lowest).—Particulars from Box 323, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Light Grey Walking Suit.—Norfolk pattern; 38 ins. and 5ft. 7in.; will exchange for good light rainproof overcoat; dark preferred.—Box 324, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Officer's Military Khaki Overcoat; must be in perfect condition.—State all particulars as to price, measurements, etc., to Box 325, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

SPORTING APPLIANCES.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells.—Practically new; nickel-plated, with inlet leather handles; sell 8s. 6d., with book of exercises, and chamois leather.—Box 198, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Punching Ball.—Nearly new, with all necessary fittings and pair of Gloves to use with same; sell 12s. cash; cost double; a genuine bargain.—Box 226, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

For Sale.—Bagatelle Table; upon slate bed on massive mahogany stand; size approximately 10ft. by 3ft. 6in.; including all accessories, which are in first-rate condition; price for quick sale, £7, cost double; a genuine bargain.—Box 252, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Two Old Army Bayonets, with sheaths, 12s.; Pair Dumb-bells; what offers?—Box 306, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

English Split Cane Trout Rod; noted makers; 12ft.; 12s. 6d.; both as new; perfect; approval; bargains.—Thomas Price, Harewood House, Cardiff.

Inch's Disc Bar-bell.—120 lbs.; two short bars; and Inch's Weight-lifting Course; £1 or highest offer.—Box 298, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Whebley-Scott's Repeating Pistol.—Government cartridges; perfectly new, with pigskin case and Sandow Developer.—(12s. 6d. new), with chart, etc.; pair 2lb. Iron Dumb-bells; also Instrument for Rapid Chest Development (new), cost 10s. 6d; lot 15s.—Box 317, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—A small Revolver of good make; also air gun; B.S.A. preferred.—Box 311, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

DOGS AND HORSES.

First-class Whippet for sale.—Good courser; sell a guinea, or entertain exchange.—Box 262, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Well Black-spotted Dalmatian Dog; good guard; clean; must be trained to follow at heel; good home; approval.—Box 301, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

HOBBIES.

B.S.A. Tandem for Sale.—Clincher tyres, 3 Bowden brakes, free wheel, Brook's saddles; made two years ago by local maker to own specification; smooth running; splendid condition; £10.—Box 211, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Twenty Amp. Celluloid Accumulator.—Good condition; 5s. 6d. for cash.—Jackson, 21, St. John's, Bedford.

Bargain.—Primus Hand Camera; quarter-plate; R.R. lenses; Thornton-Pickard Shutter; leather case; cost £4 14s.; Photographic Apparatus; cost 25s.; the lot 50s.—Goodwin, 19, Liverpool Road, Stoke-on-Trent.

Houghton's Folding Hand Camera.—Quarter-plate; rising cross front; Bausch-Lomb Shutter; unused; cost 30s.; take 18s. 6d.—Box 310, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Bargain.—½-Plate Camera Set; view lens, shutter, for general work; new condition; 37s. 6d.—Box 315, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Good Motor Tricar by thoroughly reliable maker; state where and when trial can be arranged; will not beat down price if in really good going order; no dealers.—Box 326, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—Thoroughly good folding Hand Camera, by Adams, Watson, or other first-class maker; Goerz, Zeiss, or Ross lens preferred; cannot give fancy price; an Adams "Vesta" (3½ by 2½) would do first rate.—Box 209, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

BOOKS.

To Civil Service Students.—Successful Excise man has more than a dozen good test-books to dispose of for 10s. 6d.—Particulars on application to Box 294, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Encyclopædia Britannica; latest edition: 36 volumes, complete, with oak revolving bookcase; publisher's condition; cost £40; accept £16 16s. or nearest cash offer.—Box 174, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Harmsworth's Self-Educator.—Complete, 8 bound vols.; new; cost £2 8s.; what offers?—Box 319, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

"DIGS."

London, N.—Comfortably Furnished Bedroom, with use of Sitting-room; convenient for City and West-End; moderate terms; board optional.—Write for full particulars to Box 136, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Bournemouth.—Apartments or Board - Residence; near sea and station; write for terms.—Mrs. Dawkins, "Comragh," York Road, Bournemouth.

Bachelor Home.—Two young City fellows, having villa in high open suburb, wish to meet another (or two friends) to share. Close to station.—Box 320, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Wanted.—"Digs" on good old country farm, amid pretty scenery, not too far from London; terms must be moderate and inclusive.—State full particulars to C. B., 81, Brecknock Road, Tufnell Park, London, N.

TRADE.

Every Modern Man should possess a Fountain Pen.—May be obtained in fine, medium, or broad nibs; 14 ct. gold, iridium pointed; price 3s. 6d. post paid. Special terms for quantities.—Box 145, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Shorthand in Four Lessons.—Introductory lesson, 1s.; complete postal course, 4s. 6d.—Coombe, The Arcade, Aberystwyth.

A Boon to Campers-out and all Holiday Makers.—Recipe for the prevention of bites from midges, flies, mosquitoes, etc.; P.O. 1/- brings it to you.—Box 312, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

A few Safety Razors to be cleared at 2/6 each; usual price, 5s.—Box 300, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Recipe for Tooth Powder.—2d. lasts two months; absolutely pure and harmless.—Send 7d. to S. Ruthven (M.M.), 41, Marlborough Road, Hightown, Manchester.

Okro for "P.O.P."—Magnificent tones; no over-printing nor preliminary washing; bottle making 50 ounces bath, post free, 1s. 1d.—Rae, Ltd., 134, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

Adopt a Profitable Hobby.—Secret process to make Artificial Gold; looks and wears like the real thing; it's intensely interesting and instructive; it's yours for 1s. 7d.; or send 3s. 1d. for the above and two other processes, well worth your attention.—Box 303, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Razors.—A Razor Expert will send a really good razor, properly set, on receipt of 3s.; every razor guaranteed.—Box 305, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Strap Wrist Watches for Sportsmen.—Silver, hall-marked; reliable movements; assorted leather straps; silver buckles; 15s. 6d., 20s., 23s. 6d.; guaranteed.—Post free from G. Hankins, Watch Manufacturer, 99, Upper Clapton Road, London, N.E. Established 70 years. Postal orders crossed London, City and Midland Bank, Ltd.

Corns or Warts painlessly removed by using Clare's Certain Corn Cure; post free 7½d. Antiseptic Foot Powder for Hot or Tender Feet; tins 7½d. post free.—From Arthur Sant, Pharmacist, Longton, Staffs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Portable Turkish Bath Cabinet; nearly new; cost 30s., sell 20s.; everything complete. "Compactum" Trousers Press; sell 3s. Cricket Bat; size 4; cane handle; 3s.—Box 302, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Genuine Windsor Banjo (and Tutor); perfect condition; hardly used; cost £3 5s.; take 2 guineas.—Box 299, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Army Bell Tent.—Complete for fixing; four ground sheets; splendid condition; £2.—Box 296, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Solid Gold Bracelet.—Great sacrifice; cost £2 10s.; will sell £1 5s.; approval.—Box 309, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Picture Postcards.—A few hundreds for disposal at 2s. 6d. per hundred; samples sent.—Haynes, Moorfield, Stanningley, Leeds.

Printing Press Type.—7s.; Money-making by Advertisement Writing; cost 10s.; sell 4s.—34, Rosebery Street, York.

Zither Banjo.—As new; in case; 25s.; a genuine bargain.—Box 307, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Gent's 18-ct. Gold Signet Ring.—Weight value, 30s.; exchange clothes, man 5ft. 10in.—Box 308, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Yost Typewriter for Sale.—Sound machine; genuine bargain, £5; or best offer.—Box 316, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.

Clarinet, B flat.—Cost £3 12s.; take £2; or exchange Edison gramophone, field glasses, or offers; approval given and required.—Box 314, "The Modern Man," 231, Strand, London.



Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims. To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.



FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Tatcho

WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

Philip Hooke

LADY POWELL ON "TATCHO."

Torr-Aluinn, Dunoon, N.B.
Lady Powell thinks "Tatcho" has been very beneficial, the falling off of hair having almost ceased, and Lady Powell anticipates very good results from "Tatcho." It is the nicest preparation for the hair, being Non-Oily and not perfumed as most lotions are.

Lady Powell

LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."

2, Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

James Sykes

COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."

Royal Hibernian Hotel, Dublin.
Dawson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

E. Perry

COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."

Zetland House, Maidenhead.
I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

A. Bacot-Chester

THE NOVELIST "RITA."

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

Rita

COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

T. Wolfe Murray
Commander R.N.

LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."

18, Ashburn Place, Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

The COUPON

FOR A

4/6 Trial Bottle,
TATCHO.

Cut this out.

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

The Geo. R. Sims
M.M. Hair Restorer Co.